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NEW YORK:

G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers.

LONDON: S. LOW, SON & CO.

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TO

THE SOLDIERS

OF THE

43d Battalion of Virginia Cavalry,

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE

THIS BOOK,

AS A MARK OF MY ESTEEM.

It is a record of personal recollections of your achievements during the late war. Although not so elaborate a work as I could wish to offer you, yet it is a faithful and correct narrative written from memoranda made of events as they occurred, by one of your comrades, who, from the earliest organization of our command, shared with you your hardships and defeats, until the disbanding of the command at Salem.

Although not so voluminous as it might be, yet this work contains an account of all the important movements of the command.

Some of my Northern readers may consider the work a little too "rebellious," and may charge me with presenting the acts of some of their men in colors too dark. But let them travel through the country their armies have traversed, and

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which both sections of the country fought this contest. But it is over at last. The thunder of artillery is no longer heard, and the torch of the incendiary is no longer wantonly applied to private residences, compelling the inmates to fly from the homes of their nativity to escape the insults of a licentious soldiery. The last stray shot of a guerilla has been fired, and not a single armed foe raises his hand against Federal authority. Peace has spread her smiling wings over this once fair and glorious country, and men of all parties and all classes hail with delight the prospect of once more returning to the quiet avocations of every-day life. It will take many long years of persevering industry and unremitting toil to build up the waste places that have been made almost a wilderness. It will be many years before the wounds made by this unhappy strife will be healed over; but wise councils and a spirit of moderation on the part of the Government may yet repair the mistakes of the past, and the influence of commerce, that great peacemaker, may unite the interests of both sections in an indissoluble bond, and the Sunny South may again

blossom as the rose, and her power and influence be felt in the nation as of old.

The dream of Southern independence and a separate nationality has vanished forever. The cause which the men of the South had nearest their hearts, and for which they sacrificed so many lives, so much wealth, and their whole energies both of mind and body, *has failed*, their sacrifices have all been in vain, their resources have been exhausted in the fruitless endeavor to achieve their independence, and thousands of their bravest and noblest sons have fallen in the unequal contest. At the end of four years of almost superhuman exertions, they find themselves a conquered people, with the loss of every thing but their honor, seeking restoration to their former position under the Federal flag.

I was for four years in the Confederacy, having gone South almost at the very inception of the war, and having spent the last two years in guerilla warfare, in the border counties of Virginia, half of that time almost within sight of the Capital of the United States. I propose, as a part of the history of the rebellion, to give my readers a sketch of some of its main incidents, and more par-

ticularly of some of the exploits of the battalion to which I belonged, which was, from its formation to the close of the war, a terror to all the outposts and detached divisions of the Federal army, and whose scouts and couriers gave to General Lee the most, if not all, of the reliable information he received of the enemy's movements and designs, and which enabled his lieutenant-generals to deal such sudden and heavy blows upon his adversaries. The life of a guerilla is a dangerous one, but it has its charms. Its independence and freedom from restraint, and, above all, the opportunity for bold and daring actions, which carry with them personal renown, makes this life far preferable to a position in the regular army, where men stand up like posts to be shot at, and where there is little or no opportunity for the display of personal courage.

It was in April, 1861, that the first scenes of the bloody drama were enacted. I had been holding an office in the Treasury Department at Washington for the seven years previous, and was in the civil service of the Government at the time Fort Sumter was bombarded and surrendered to the Confed-

erates under General Beauregard. The event created the most intense excitement all over the country, and no one knew what turn affairs would take. Three Confederate commissioners had been sent to Washington to negotiate for the surrender of the Southern forts, arsenals, and public property of every description, and to arrange the basis for a convention between the two Governments. They had been received informally, but their mission failed with President Buchanan. They had gone home unmolested, and the policy of the new administration had not been developed. Two of the leading Northern journals, of opposite politics, the *New York Tribune* and the *New York Herald*, were in favor of letting the South go peaceably. The Democratic party was opposed to coercion, believing that the conquest of the South was impossible, and that the country would be ruined by the war and our institutions overthrown. The Republicans, an entirely sectional party, elected on a sectional platform and for the first time in power, flushed with victory over their opponents, thought otherwise; but still they paused and hesitated before they plunged the country

into a war the end of which no man could tell. Things were in this condition when the news came North that Fort Sumter had been bombarded and had fallen. It threw the whole country, North and South, into a fever of excitement, and determined the course of the new administration at once. President Lincoln issued his proclamation on the 15th day of April, 1861, calling for *seventy-five thousand men for the term of three months*, to put down the insurrection. Massachusetts was the first State to respond to the call, and in the month of April she sent two regiments to guard Washington city; for at that time it was supposed the Confederates meditated an attack upon the Capital, and so little was known concerning the plans of the Southerners and the exact condition of affairs in that section, that the report was started and actually believed by General Scott, the Government officials, and the whole North, that Ben McCulloch was marching through Virginia with five thousand Texan Rangers, supported by a large army of volunteers, on Washington, with the intention of sacking the city, destroying the public buildings, and moving northward with fire and sword. All

the roads and by-paths to the city were strongly picketed. Two companies of infantry, with artillery, were posted at the long bridge across the Potomac, to prevent any attack from that point; when the actual fact was, that with the exception of two companies in Alexandria and a picket of Confederates on the Virginia side of the bridge, including a few stragglers who had come in, there was not an armed force in the field in the whole State of Virginia,—so little did the public or the Government know what was really going on in the South.

A Massachusetts regiment, passing through Baltimore on the 17th of April 1861, was attacked by a mob. Several were killed and wounded. Baltimore had always been noted for its mobocratic tendencies, and little attention was paid to the affair by the citizens, the majority of whom knew nothing of the difficulty. The regiment got through the city, however, but as the train was passing through the suburbs of the city, a member of the regiment levelled his gun, fired, and killed a highly respectable citizen (Mr. Kyle, who happened to be conversing with two or three friends) in cold blood. The news soon

his word was seen when, a night or two afterwards, he slipped off to Washington and was in secret consultation with Lincoln and the Secretary of War as to the best means of delivering up his own native city to the Federal authorities. He admirably succeeded and was no doubt rewarded. A short time afterwards this same Governor of a sovereign State, whose Constitution and laws he had solemnly sworn to support, we find the prime mover and instigator in the infamous plot to destroy the State Government. The Legislature was *prorogued*, and the leading members arrested and imprisoned in Fort Lafayette in New York Harbor, there to languish within the confines of damp prison walls for months without trial. They were committed, and to this day no specific charges have ever been made against them. They were finally released and allowed to return to their homes, shattered in health, and almost exiles in their own land, under the surveillance of Government detectives, and subject to all the petty malice of provost-marshals, whose chief aim seemed to be to study how to exasperate the citizens of that devoted State, which for four years had been subject to all the ignominy

and wrong that governmental parasites and a few native-born renegades could heap upon her. No wonder that the sons of Maryland flocked by thousands to the Southern standard to escape from such a galling despotism at home, and rushed, with avidity, to fight for that cause that commanded their sympathy and respect.

All over the North the boast was made that Baltimore should be laid in ashes. The guns of Fort McHenry were turned upon the city, her citizens were hunted down like outlaws, men were knocked down in the streets by armed ruffians wearing the Federal uniform, houses were broken open, ladies' wardrobes were ransacked, and the owners insulted, private property was confiscated to the personal use of the soldiery, and to all these wrongs and outrages the Government manifested a stolid indifference that would have done honor to the Czar of Russia. Simply to be known to possess Southern opinions was cause enough to be thrown into a dungeon; and many a man, for the indiscreet expression of an opinion as to the legality of the high-minded measures then being enacted, was dragged from his bed and the bosom of

his family, at the dead hour of midnight, and hurried off to provost-marshals, and, without a hearing, immediately transferred to some Government prison. It created no surprise that Maryland was disaffected and still is so, for she has had nothing for which to thank the United States Government.

CHAPTER II.

EXCITEMENT IN WASHINGTON — GOVERNMENT CLERKS CALLED UPON TO ENROLL THEMSELVES — AUTHOR LEAVES WASHINGTON — ARRIVES IN MONTGOMERY — ENTHUSIASM OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE — SEAT OF GOVERNMENT REMOVED TO RICHMOND.

WASHINGTON CITY was in a state of ferment and confusion. There were not more than two thousand troops there to guard the Capital of the Nation. The President and Cabinet were frightened at their supposed danger. The Government clerks were called upon to enroll themselves into companies for the common protection. Arms were distributed all through the departments and stacked in every room, to be used at a moment's warning. The notorious Jim Lane of Kansas, with one hundred of his desperadoes, bivouacked in the East Room of the White House, as a body guard for his Excellency the President, and all day long the click of the hammer and chisel could be heard in the

basements of the Treasury Building and Patent Office, preparing mines to blow up the public buildings and records in case of necessity. A gunboat at the Navy Yard had steam up all the time ready to bear away to a place of safety the precious lives of the head of the Government and his official advisers. During this time Southerners in Washington were openly leaving to join the Confederate army. Southern communication had not yet been stopped, though a squad of soldiers from Alexandria were guarding the long bridge that crosses the Potomac at Washington. No attempt was made to stop these men. The Heads of the Departments caused a new test oath, unknown to the Constitution and the laws, to be administered to the clerks. Those who did not take it were summarily turned out of office. Those Southern men who took it and stayed did not remain long in office; their truculency could not save them, and the hordes of office-seekers from the New England States, who so pertinaciously beset the President and Heads of Departments, soon drove the remaining Southern democrats out in the cold, because they could not stretch themselves to the extreme measures of the radicals.

Not caring to be turned out of office I promptly sent in my resignation. I did not await its acceptance. Having packed up the night before, and bidding a few friends good-by, on Wednesday, the 25th of April, 1861, I jumped into a stage coach and started to Dixie.

As we rolled over the Long Bridge I looked back upon the city I was leaving, where I had spent so many happy hours in social intercourse with friends from all sections of the country, and I cursed, in my inmost soul, the madness and folly of a sectional fanaticism that was hastening our country, with such rapid strides, into the vortex of civil war.

The spires and cupolas of Washington, with the half-finished dome of the Capitol, soon faded in the distance, and in a half-hour's time I was in the confines of the Confederacy.

The first place we arrived at was Alexandria. Here the Stars and Bars floated proudly from almost every housetop; and it was a great relief to pass from the gloom and despondency that prevailed in Washington, to the life and animation of Alexandria. All was bustle and excitement; energy and de-

termination were stamped upon the countenance of every man I met. They all seemed to be putting their shoulder to the wheel; and the State of Virginia, having, by a solemn ordinance, dissolved her connection with the Federal Government, and joined her fortunes to the infant republic, her sons advanced with alacrity to their support, and rushed, with enthusiasm, to enroll themselves for the defence of their native State, which was so soon to become the scene of the greatest battle of modern times. There was no flinching or holding back. The gray-haired man of sixty years, as well as the boy of sixteen summers, hastened to don the Confederate gray, and receive the congratulations of friends and brothers in arms, for the holy cause of independence which they then swore to uphold. And never did men take an oath more eagerly and with greater honesty of purpose.

For years the mad policy of the Northern politicians had been seeking to rend asunder, by their sectional onslaughts, the bonds of brotherly love that bound the North and South together. Gradually distrust and doubt, aggravated by insults and continual

encroachments of the growing dominant party, settled into a firm conviction in the minds of the Southern people, that they should soon be tied hand and foot, and at the mercy of a Jacobinical party, whose genius for evil has been manifested in this country ever since the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. The South felt this spirit of intolerance growing in the country day by day, and they resolved to break loose from this bondage, cost what it might, and be a free and independent nation. The heartfelt prayers of their entire home circles went with them, and they stood ready to march forth to do battle for their firesides and their freedom.

I left Alexandria the next morning, and proceeded to Charlottesville, *via* the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where we arrived about noon, and found a large crowd waiting at the depot to hear the news from Washington, and to learn whether the Yankees would commence hostilities. I stayed that night with my brother at the University of Virginia located at that place, where he was completing his studies. I found, out of six hundred and fifty students, all but seventy-five had left for their homes preparatory to enter-

ing the Confederate service. The young men had cheerfully given up the ease and quiet and comforts of a student's life, and were prepared to bear and endure all the hardships, perils, and discomforts of camp-life. The deprivation of home comforts and luxuries, the dangers of the battle-field, and that worse than death, sickness in a camp hospital, were no drawback to their ardor, and all this *for independence* and a complete separation from our late Northern allies. I looked around upon the desolate halls of the University, the silent quarters of the students which a few weeks ago presented so much life and animation, and where were the occupants? Gone forth in defence of the infant Republic. And where are now those noble youths, who sprang forward with such alacrity and buoyant spirits, to the mortal encounter? A large number of them have fallen on the battle-fields of Virginia, fighting nobly for the cause they espoused; many have fallen victims to the cold and piercing lake winds on Johnson's Island, while languishing in imprisonment; and but a few of that gallant band, whose first exploit was the capture of Harper's Ferry, remain to tell the tale of what might have been.

From Charlottesville I went to Lynchburg, and found there that two of my brothers had already entered the service as privates, and were ready at a moment's warning to march to the seat of war. All the able-bodied young men of Lynchburg were volunteering, and crowds were coming in from all sides to volunteer their services for their country. The city was filled with recruits from the adjoining counties, and troops were arriving on almost every train of cars from the Gulf States, all eager for the fray, and all determined to fight it out to the bitter end. Such a scene would inspire the most lukewarm with the confidence of ultimate success. It might take years of labor and fighting, and oceans of blood and treasure; but what were these in comparison with independence and a Government of our own? These were the thoughts and feelings that animated us all; and in that crowd of people at Lynchburg, I do not believe there was a man who would not have staked his last dollar and his last acre of land upon the success of the Southern arms. I stayed in Lynchburg but one day, and the next morning at daylight set out on the Virginia and Tennes-

see Railroad, for Montgomery, Alabama, which was then capital of the Confederacy. All along the road, at Liberty, Wythville, Bristol, Knoxville, Dalton, and Atlanta, the people were very enthusiastic, and were determined to see that the Southern cause came out of the issue triumphant. There was no croaking and no drawing back; but every man was imbued with an inborn resolution to abide by the fortunes of the Confederacy.

I arrived at Montgomery in the early part of May, 1861. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people here. The streets were crowded with soldiers, some organized and marching through to Pensacola, others receiving their uniforms at the expense of the citizens, and waiting marching orders. The new Government was under full headway, the departments all regularly organized and in full operation, and the machinery of Government working as smoothly as in the departments at Washington. I found many familiar faces that I had seen and been in contact with in the public offices in Washington, who had followed the new Government to Montgomery. I presented my credentials in person, and was told my case would be

attended to in a few days. Having resigned my office in Washington, and being perfectly familiar with all the details of the Treasury Department business, I had no doubt that I should in a few days get the same position I held under the old *regime*. Being acquainted with a number of the Representatives, and having letters of introduction to some of the leading members of Congress, I went to see them, and found a perfect unanimity of opinion as to the course the Southern States had taken, and the policy to be pursued. The die had been cast, the Rubicon passed, and with their eyes turned to the future and the Herculean efforts to be made, these men gave themselves body and soul to the accomplishment of their avowed purposes, and to make an era in the history of this continent which would redound to their glory. The first Congress of the Confederate States were fearfully in earnest, and to see their resolution and determination, no one would for a moment have supposed that the people whom they represented could ever be conquered or again bow the knee to a political master.

The next day the Virginia delegates to the Confederate Congress arrived. They

citizens of Richmond purchased the large and splendid residence of Mr. Crenshaw, at the corner of 11th Street and Lee, refurnished it from garret to cellar in the most elegant manner, and presented it, with a splendid carriage and horses, to his Excellency, which carriage, when the Confederate forces evacuated Richmond, General Ord appropriated to his own private use.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR IN RICHMOND — BEAUREGARD ARRIVES IN RICHMOND — BUTLER MARCHES TO BETHEL AND BACK — BATTLE OF MANASSAS — DISORDERLY RETREAT OF THE YANKEES — REJOICINGS IN RICHMOND.

DURING the organization of the Government in Richmond, preparations for a vigorous prosecution of the war were made. The greatest activity prevailed everywhere. At the old Virginia Armory the machinists were working night and day. Old flint-locks were converted into percussion-locks. The Tredegar Works were working like bees, rifling old cannon and making new ones. Troops were coming in almost every hour of the day, from all the Southern States, and amongst the first was a company, "The Davis Rangers," all the way from Louisville, Kentucky, and composed partly of young men I knew in my schoolboy days. Fitzhugh was captain, with A. Gale, Ed Cocke, Ivinny Col-

CHAPTER V.

MOSBY'S RAID ROUND THE ENEMY — IS TAKEN PRISONER — BATTLE OF HARRISON'S LANDING — STONEWALL JACKSON'S VISIT TO RICHMOND — MOSBY EXCHANGED — POPE DEFEATED — HOOKER DEFEATED.

LEE and Stuart being convinced of the practicability of Mosby's plan for a raid round the enemy's army, one was determined on. The country is familiar with that brilliant achievement, how Stuart and his men swam the rising Chickahominy, &c., &c., and returned to our lines without losing a man. Mosby was Stuart's guide on that occasion. General Lee having completed all his arrangements for an advance, started Mosby with important verbal dispatches, to General Jackson, and while resting his horse at Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, the enemy dashed in and took him prisoner. Being suspected to be a courier with important dispatches, he was searched dili-

gently; but none were found, and he frightened the enemy away from the railroad by telling them a train of cars, loaded with infantry and artillery, would be there in a few minutes. They retreated precipitately. Mosby was carried to General McCook's headquarters, and was asked where Jackson and Stuart were. "*He didn't know*," and "*couldn't see it.*" He was then sent to Washington guarded by seven men. His fame as one of Stuart's principal scouts had already reached the Yankee army. He was kindly treated. Lee was concentrating his whole strength around Richmond, and his army did not exceed eighty thousand men. While strengthening himself thus, Jackson was sweeping everything before him in the Valley, and as a blind to the enemy, General Lee dispatched Whiting's division to Staunton to *reënforce* him; they, however, returned by rail on the next train.

General Lee's plans being now completed, by an arrangement, Jackson, after having driven the enemy out of the Valley, swept, as if by magic, down the railroad to General Lee's left, and rested his army six hours at Ashland on the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. One hour after his arrival there,

he rode into Richmond at midnight, with no one but an orderly, conferred with the President and General Lee, and returned to commence the attack at daylight the next morning. The signal for the attack was the firing of three guns. General Lee commenced the attack, the signal was given, the firing of three guns, and promptly did Jackson respond. Then the fighting extended along the whole line of both armies. The Yankees unexpectedly found an army in their rear, as if they had dropped down from the clouds. The utmost confusion prevailed in the ranks of the enemy. On pressed the *Stonewall*, his men mowing down the enemy. Their battle-cry "Jackson," acted as magic on the enemy. They could not realize that an army which, twenty-fours before, was five hundred miles from them, with the Big Blue Ridge Mountains between, would now be behind them, inflicting the same deadly blows on them they had dealt on their friends in the Valley. Yet it was a fearful reality to them. They retreated; they fled like chaff before the wind. McClellan, who proudly boasted he would capture* the city without firing a gun, was

* See his Dispatches.

now skulking, like a whipped dog, in the morass around Harrison's Landing.

Richmond was free once more from the menace of a merciless foe. The people, who a few days before, were gloomy and almost despaired of ever realizing their hope of an independent government by reason of the disasters to our arms in the West, under the great Albert Sydney Johnston, who sacrificed his life in vindicating his character as a soldier, against the malicious and dishonorable insinuations of the politicians and croakers, and the fall of McIntosh and McCullough in Arkansas, were now reanimated. Business revived, and citizens who had abandoned their property returned. Recruits began to come in rapidly.

The Sunday after the seven days' battle around Richmond, Generals Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Polk, and others, attended divine worship in Richmond. This was Jackson's first visit to Richmond since the commencement of the war. The anxiety of the people to see this remarkable man was so great, that as soon as it was known he was at Dr. Hayes' church, a large crowd assembled in front of it to see him when he came out. Nothing

would satisfy them short of shaking hands with him. And so strong was their attachment for him they cut all the buttons off his coat. The crowd was increasing every moment, but the crazy General would not gratify all of them. He broke through the crowd, and, taking the arm of a friend, went home with him. The next day he returned to his division.

Heretofore the Yankees would entertain no proposition leading to an exchange of prisoners, but now their great "*Little Mac*" had been beaten so badly and lost nearly half of his army, they were inclined to come to terms on that point. Every available warehouse and vacant building was filled with their wounded and prisoners; and they had become not only a burthen on the Government, but a nuisance to the people. Accordingly, a cartel for the exchange of prisoners was agreed upon, and amongst the first exchanged, was John S. Mosby. The vessel he was on, when it reached Fortress Monroe, was detained several days in consequence of important military movements going on. During that detention none of the prisoners were allowed to go on deck. Mosby, looking

through one of the port-holes of the vessel, discovered vessels, loaded with troops, moving; and he determined, if possible, to find out what it meant. Conceiving the idea that McClellan was evacuating Harrison's Landing, he by some means got on deck, and saw the captain of the vessel. A conversation ensued between them, and Mosby's voice having a little of that twang which is peculiar to the Yankees, he easily ingratiated himself into the confidence of the captain of the boat, who told him he had been engaged a week in carrying troops from Harrison's Landing. The next day the vessel he was on started for City Point, where he was exchanged. He mounted a horse as soon as he got ashore, and rode that night to General Lee's headquarters, and informed him of the movements of the enemy. General Lee complimented him for his intelligence, &c., &c. The next morning the whole Confederate army was set in motion, and on the march. Richmond was relieved of the swarms of soldiers that infested the place while the army was around it. There is nothing more injurious to an army than to be quartered near a large city.

Soon after these important events had

burg, and attempted to scatter Lee's army at the Wilderness in the winter. He led his men into a slaughter-pen. They were horribly butchered, and left thousands of prisoners. Great alarm prevailed in Washington. The President and his Cabinet prepared at once to leave the city. Urgent appeals were made to the people to send in reënforcements to defend the Capital. The draft was inadequate to furnish men fast enough for Southern bullets. The Governors of the different Northern States (particularly the Governor of Pennsylvania) called out the whole militia force of the State. This battle of the Wilderness was the severest blow the Yankees had yet received. The Border States were apprehensive the rebels would wage a war of invasion the next campaign. They were not mistaken in their apprehensions; for during the remainder of the winter General Lee was concentrating all his available men for the purpose of carrying the war into the enemy's own country.

CHAPTER VI.

MOSBY RECEIVES HIS COMMISSION AS CAPTAIN — KILPATRICK AND DAHLGREN — ALARM IN RICHMOND — HOOKER'S DEFEAT — DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON — SORROW OF THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

IT was this winter, or rather during the month of March, that Mosby received his commission as captain in the Confederate States army, and authority to wage a partisan ranger war on the enemy. General Stuart first gave him fifteen men, and then increased the number to thirty, with privilege to select his own men. Generals Lee and Stuart both knew the value of Mosby as a scout, and the invaluable service he would render them in that capacity. They also authorized him to raise his company to the full quota. So when the spring campaign opened he had but thirty men.

While these preparations were going on, Burnside took command of the Union army,

then lying on the hills of Stafford opposite Fredericksburg. While there, Kilpatrick and Dahlgren make their celebrated raid on Richmond, and in which the latter lost his life. On Dahlgren's body was found a copy of the orders he was directed to execute. The substance of them was, they were to institute an indiscriminate slaughter of the innocent people of Richmond, including the President and his Cabinet, and to set fire to the public buildings. But Providence decreed otherwise. Dahlgren lost his way and was obliged to fly through the lower counties. In King and Queen County there were a few regular soldiers at their homes on furlough, who got together and determined to harass and do them all the damage they could, and knowing the road Dahlgren would take, they determined to lie in ambush for him. Presently the Federal troops came along, Dahlgren with four or five men in advance. Hearing a rustling in the leaves, Dahlgren demands a surrender. The response he received was a volley from the Confederates. Dahlgren fell from his horse lifeless. His comrades fell back to the main column, and without a guide, in a hostile country, and their main

reliance, Dahlgren, killed, the remaining officers held a consultation, and concluded to surrender, first killing their horses and destroying their weapons. Some prisoners of ours they held, however, persuaded them not to do such an insane act; that if they did, they would forfeit the respect due to prisoners of war, and would most certainly be killed. Their councils prevailed, and they surrendered the next morning to thirty men under the command of Captain ———, and were marched up to Richmond and furnished with accommodations in the Libby. The orders were published, and the citizens of Richmond were perfectly amazed at the fate they had escaped, and could scarcely believe that any one in the nineteenth century was capable of such a diabolical scheme. Dahlgren's body — *minus* his cork leg — was brought to Richmond for identification, and buried in Potter's Field.

Kilpatrick, however, was more fortunate. He penetrated our lines on the Brooke Turnpike as far as the Hon. James Lyon's residence, and a mile and a half from Richmond, and in full view of its State House, spires, and public buildings. On reaching this

point, the last line of breastworks between them and the city, and behind which there were not one hundred men, he threw himself at the head of his men, pulled off his hat, and pointing with it to the city, cried out, "*Follow me, men, and in five minutes we will have the city.*" Why they did not follow their general I have never learned. They could not realize the fact that the city at that moment lay at their mercy. They seemed spell-bound, and sat on their horses like mummies. They doubtless would have followed their general, but they must have imagined there were *some masked* batteries between that point and the city, but no piece of artillery was nearer them than the city, and only one company of infantry behind the breastworks at the time they were drawn up in line of battle before them. If they had got into the city, I doubt very much whether any would have got out alive. Every man in the city had a musket, and in two minutes' time artillery could have been placed in position to have raked every street. The demonstration of the enemy at this point was entirely unexpected by those in authority. They had had no intimation of this raid, for when this

demonstration was made there was not a single piece of artillery behind this inner line of works. The greatest excitement prevailed in Richmond. The town bell was rung, and the citizens were soon under arms and marching out to the intrenchments by companies and battalions, to resist and drive back the incendiaries and invaders.

This winter the star of the Army of Northern Virginia was at its zenith. The army lay on the banks of the Rappahannock River, prouder and more defiant than ever. General Hooker had assumed command of the Army of the Potomac. Before the Congressional Committee on the War, Hooker testified he was the only man in the North who could whip General Lee, and that if he had command of the Army of the Potomac, he would march rough-shod over Lee, and take Richmond without any difficulty. He would have got there, too, as a prisoner of war, but for that lamentable occurrence, the accidental shooting, by our own men, of that hero of the war, Stonewall Jackson. Everything being ready with the enemy for an advance, pontoons were thrown across the river, the Yankee army crossed, and our batteries opened

on them. The river was filled with killed and wounded; large numbers were drowned. Three times they attempted to cross before they succeeded; then ensued the bloody battle of Chancellorsville, which my reader is perfectly familiar with, and in which that great Napoleon of the war, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, fell by the hand of his own men, and in that fall the star of the Confederacy began to wane, and finally set to rise no more, at Appomattox Court House, Va., on the 6th of April, 1865.

His biographers will do more justice to him than I can; but had he not fallen that night, General Hooker's whole army would have surrendered the next morning or been killed. However, so far, it had been a most complete victory. The enemy lost over thirty thousand, killed, wounded, and prisoners. The news of Jackson's being wounded spread rapidly through the army, and so great was the confidence of the army, and the respect of the commanding general (Lee) for him, that the battle was not renewed the next morning. Hooker's generals declining to lead their men into such slaughter-pens another day, recrossed the Rappahannock the

next day with his whole army. Jackson lingered only a few days, and when he passed from this earth there was one universal shriek throughout the land. His death sounded in the ears of the Southerners like the death-knell of the Confederacy. His remains were brought to Richmond on a special train, carried to the Governor's mansion, and there embalmed the next day. The most imposing and the largest procession, military and civil, ever seen in Richmond, bore the body to the Capitol, where it lay in state until the next morning. All the departments of the Government were closed, and business entirely suspended, and bells tolled while the procession was moving. It was indeed a melancholy sight to see the thousands of old men, women, and even soldiers, as the coffin passed into the hearse, drop the tears of sorrow as if some dear member of their family had died. The procession consisted of part of General Pickett's division of veterans, artillery and cavalry and citizens, together with the President and members of the Cabinet. During that afternoon some thirty thousand persons passed in single file the metallic car to get a last farewell glimpse of

needed men in the field, and I felt it a duty to respond to her call, to the extent of my ability.

The restrictions I have just spoken of did not attach to me. By reason of the date of appointment to office, I was at liberty to attach myself to any command. Mosby had returned from Pennsylvania, and established his headquarters in Fauquier County; and, for the distinguished service he had rendered while there, had been promoted to a majority with authority to raise a battalion. Accordingly, Lieutenant Thomas Turner, of Prince George County, Maryland, and Grafton Carlisle, of Baltimore City, were sent to Richmond to get twenty recruits. They took rooms at the Spottswood Hotel, and opened their recruiting office. The first day, before noon, they had over one hundred applications. This number was more than they wanted. I was one of the lucky ones, and resigned my office that day.

Next morning, being the holy Sabbath, I sallied forth to join Mosby, accompanied by several friends on a similar mission. Our route was *via* Virginia Central Railroad, hence to Culpepper, which place we reached

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at noon. Culpepper was one of the most delightful towns in the State of Virginia before the war. Some of the noblest specimens of the human race hail from this ancient town. It was then occupied by our cavalry, and General Stuart had his headquarters at Brandy Station, some seven miles distant. We remained here until Turner could go to headquarters, and get passes to carry us through our lines. About three o'clock he returned with passes. The remainder of the Sabbath was spent in travelling to "Old Church," at which point our party of amateurs initiated themselves into soldiers' life, by reclining upon mother earth, and courting "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," under the soothing rays of the silver moon. Next morning, after arranging our toilet, an aching void convinced us that we had been fasting twenty-four hours. Our march, however, was resumed, while hunger with its thousand suggestions, forced one of the boys to descry a fair specimen of the swine, which was surrounded; the butcher and cook performed their service with dispatch, and we were served with roast pork, smoked pork,

broiled pork, tenderloin, chine and spare-ribs, minus pepper, salt, or bread.

At the residence of Mr. Rice we were refreshed with a cup of cool, fresh buttermilk. Passing hence we reached Woodson about noon, and bivouacked near Washington, Rappahannock County, the second night. Tuesday our aquatic natures were thoroughly tested by fording, wading, and swimming the Rappahannock River some six times, which contributed to produce our quiet rest on *terra firma*, near the house of John D. Butts, Esq. Being in our novitiate, we were by this time impressed with the conviction that the life of a scout was a dreadful reality. Wednesday morning we were furnished *ex gratia* with a "square meal," so called in military parlance, and reached the place of rendezvous at Markham's, and were allowed to slumber upon the easy side of an oak board in the depot. A relative of Chief Justice Marshall furnished food for twelve of our adventurers, and others ordered breakfast with different families in the vicinity, with as much coolness as though they were *ipso facto* patriots so-called. We were advised that Mosby was making a fashionable call at Scufflebarg, on professional

business. During the day we were presented to the illustrious little chieftain; and our first impulse on meeting him was, that —

"Ours were no hirelings trained to fight,
With cymbal and clarion glittering and bright;
No prancing of chargers, no martial display
No war-trump is heard from our silent array."

Mosby was plainly yet neatly clad in Kentucky jeans, and sat quietly picking his dental plugs with a jack-knife. His carriage is active, easy, and graceful; his affable, genial manners are calculated to win favorable impressions. In speech, he is somewhat taciturn; but his words roll forth with a gentle fluency and decision, and reach the ear in mellow cadence. He is about five feet high, features indicate weight of character and firmness, an honest face, sharp, blue eyes, aquiline nose, light hair, and prominent forehead. In a word, Mosby possesses innate, refined, and exalted sensibilities, and is, by cultivation and education, an elegant, polished gentleman.

August, 1863, Mosby with thirty men went on a raid to Fairfax County. When he got near Billy Goodwin's tavern, on the turnpike

the road: but the gallant Smith would not give them time; our style of fighting being to pitch in, and "clean" the enemy out, or be "cleaned out." In we went, when Hunter's horse fell, and himself was made prisoner. The rest retreated in great confusion, through woods and through marshes, into which some were thrown from their horses head-foremost, and stuck there some ten or fifteen minutes until extricated by some of our men who had charge of the prisoners.

Beyond this marsh, some three hundred yards, was a body of heavy-timbered land, in which a large number took shelter, hoping we would not pursue them. Generally woods do afford great protection from the attacking party; but, in this instance, they sought their own captivity. Back of these woods was a little stream called Carter's Run, very shallow and narrow, while the banks were high. In jumping their horses over this stream, some fifteen or twenty of them were precipitated into it with their horses. Sending these back to the rear, Captain Smith, with Lieutenant Turner, Bush Underwood, and ten others, continued the pursuit as far as Woodgrove, Loudon County. Out of the eighty men

brought up to "Mosby's Confederacy" by Captain Hunter, to capture Mosby and his men, and present them to Father Abraham as a new-year's gift, sixteen only got back to their camp at Harper's Ferry, to tell the tale. Eight were killed on the field; fifty-four were sent prisoners to Richmond; while the wounded were paroled, and taken by the farmers into their houses, where they received every attention. Sixty fine horses, with equipments, including thirty fine army pistols, were secured and distributed amongst the victors. The sabres and carbines we threw away, as they were weapons we had no use for.

And I will here suggest to the Government agents, now collecting Government arms throughout the different rebel States, that, if they will make a visit to Mosby's battle-fields, they may find several wagon-loads, provided the Freedman's Bureau has not given them to the "colored gemmen." Early in the afternoon the wind shifted around to the north; and, before sunset that day, the mercury was at zero. When we reached Joe Blackwell's with the capture, the feet of our men were frozen to their stirrups; while the prisoners, who had fallen into Carter's Run, were just

one sheet of ice, and nearly frozen speechless. Smith had placed the prisoners in my custody until after the division. I moved them, including our men, to the woods on the left of Joe Blackwell's, about one hundred and fifty yards; and ordered them to build large fires, and warm themselves, while we awaited the arrival of Captain Smith, who in a few minutes rode up nearly frozen. In a short time the horses and pistols were soon divided amongst the men, and a detail made to carry out the prisoners. This affair was of such a brilliant character, when we consider the odds against us being nearly four to one, we having nothing but pistols, while the enemy were armed with pistols, sabres, and carbines, all of the most improved kind, elicited from Major Mosby an order of the most flattering character, complimenting Captain Smith and his small band of men in the highest manner for their bravery and success in this affair. It is a source of deep regret I cannot produce the order here to my readers; but it, with all Major Mosby's papers, reports, orders pertaining to the battalion, from General Lee, Stuart, and others, were burnt up with Joe Blackwell's house, in March, 1864.

Colonel Cole met with such a brilliant new-year's reception that he made but one more expedition into "Mosby's Confederacy."

The scenery on the mountains, on the evening of the 1st of January, was of the most sublime character. In the forenoon of the day, a *wet snow* fell, and melted almost as fast as it fell. The air, during the forenoon and middle of the day, was fresh and pleasant; but the winds in the afternoon shifted to the north, and at sunset everything was frozen hard. Not a cloud broke the blue sky above as the sun was setting in the west behind its fiery curtains. The mountains seemed as one vast sheet of ice, and the reflection of the sun's declining rays on the scene was indeed sublime. It was a scene which would have enraptured the artist, and inspired the poet.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTURE BY LIEUTENANT TURNER AND HIS MEN—MEN FROZEN—CAPTAIN STRINGFELLOW—DARING EXPLOIT.

HEAVY and deep snows fell during this week, and the weather continued intensely cold without intermission; indeed, so severe was the cold that it was a hard matter to get the men to expose themselves at night. Notwithstanding those obstacles, Lieutenant Thomas Turner and Joe Nelson, of Company A, took twenty-five men, on the night of the 4th of January, and proceeded to a point near Warrenton, to capture a patrol of fifty Yankees. The night was one of the coldest ever experienced in that country by the oldest residents. The mercury stood below zero, and snow one foot deep was on the ground. Many of Turner's men had their hands and feet frost-bitten that night, and the hands of

all were so benumbed with cold that they could scarcely use their pistols to advantage. The Yankees felt the cold almost as sensibly as Turner's men. To keep comfortable, they would ride up and down the road without dismounting. It was on their return to camp that Turner met this patrol. As I said before, the snow was on the ground some twelve inches deep. Fortunately for Turner, the wind was blowing almost a perfect hurricane, which had the effect of drowning all noise that could be made by another body of cavalry approaching. In fact, so perfectly safe from all attack by "guerillas" did the enemy think themselves that night, that Lieutenant Turner, with his twenty-five men, rode up within *ten feet* of them before they knew we were about, or the charge was ordered by Turner, when a yell and deadly fire was opened on them from the pistols of Turner's men. The surprise was so great and unexpected that not the slightest resistance was offered by the enemy, who begged, for God's sake, that we would not shoot them. Our firing ceased instantly. We "gathered together" *forty-five* horses and twenty-five prisoners, which we brought off safely. The

patched by General Stuart, to obtain some valuable information from the enemy. The vigilance of the enemy's pickets prevented him from accomplishing his purpose by those means which heretofore had carried him through successfully; and, as a last resort, he adopted the plan of entering the enemy's camp in disguise. Providing himself with a Yankee colonel's outfit, and putting on a bold face, in the broad blaze of day he rode up to the enemy's camp. He was saluted by the pickets, and rode up to General Sedgwick's headquarters. The General, with his staff and one or two guests, was at dinner. Nothing wrong being suspected, he was invited to dismount and share their dinner with them. Stringfellow, having lived so much in the enemy's lines, had made himself familiar with all the enemy's camps, the names of the regiments, their officers, and the position of the troops. Representing himself as colonel of a regiment at the extreme end of their lines, and satisfying the officers that he was all right, Stringfellow was invited into the tent, to be one of the dinner-party. A general conversation ensued, in which he so completely gained the confidence of all

around the table, that he not only found out what he was sent to discover, but more too, including the strength of the whole army, their position, and *intentions*. Having accomplished the object of his visit, he remounted his horse, rode through their pickets, and reported to Stuart what he had done.

On another occasion, when on a scouting expedition in the neighborhood of Warrenton, dressed in a Yankee overcoat, five Yankees overtook him on the road. They questioned him critically in regard to the command he belonged to, and being satisfied with his representations, they passed on. When they were some fifteen steps ahead of him, he drew his two pistols and fired away at them. As he was a splendid shot, at the first fire two bit the dust; at the second fire a third one fell, and the other two fled for their lives, without exchanging a shot.

for duty. Mosby himself did not take the saddle again until February. Smith was his right-hand man; and so great was Mosby's confidence in him, that he would allow Smith to take on a raid any part or all of the command when he felt so inclined. Socially, Smith was as genial as a May day; a strict disciplinarian, who would allow none of his men to shirk duty.

In the latter part of January, 1864, R. P. Montjoy took fifteen men on an expedition to capture the United States mail, between Warrenton and the Junction on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, the mail guarded by only twenty cavalry. It was a bold undertaking, and no man was better qualified to undertake it than Montjoy. All his men wore the regular blue army overcoats to deceive the enemy. Montjoy reached the point at which he was to make the attack, about midway between the two places, one hour too late, the mail and escort having passed by. Concealing his men in the woods, and throwing out along the road pickets to see if anything would turn up, he remained in that position a short time, when a sutler-wagon and correspondent of the "New York

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his own use. During his whole career as a partisan, of the many thousand horses — and very fine ones too — which he captured, he appropriated but one captured horse to his own use. This he did when General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, in 1863. General Stuart was passing through Upperville upon a very indifferent horse. Mosby, feeling a little mortified at the condition of the General's horse, dismounted from a very fine mare, and presented it to the General. Mosby then mounted Stuart's horse, and, crossing the mountains into the valley, captured a vidette that night, and returned to Fauquier before day the next morning.

CHAPTER XX.

EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT CHAPMAN — VISIT OF A GERMAN BARON — "GOING THROUGH" — OUR "TACTICS" — NARROW ESCAPE — CAPTURES OF WAGONS, ETC.

LIEUTENANT SAMUEL CHAPMAN, brother of Captain William H. Chapman, who had distinguished himself on several battle-fields by his bravery, was this month transferred to the battalion from the regular army, at the special request of Colonel Mosby, who appointed him his Adjutant, with the rank of First Lieutenant. Lieutenant Chapman, a few days after his arrival in Fauquier, took fifty men, crossed the mountains at Slice Barbour's, and the Shenandoah River at Howardsville, and attacked, in the night-time, a picket-post of one hundred of the enemy at Guard Hill, and captured thirty prisoners, including one captain, and fifty horses, besides

Fredericksburg, and gave his adversary a severe drubbing there. Citizens of that ancient town were turned out of their homes to accommodate the enemy's wounded, which numbered thirty thousand.

Just after the battle of Fredericksburg, Mosby took fifty men, well-mounted, to King George's County, below Fredericksburg, and captured a wagon-train, and brought out forty mules and horses and ten prisoners, without loss. He was absent five days. Having been so successful on the last raid, Mosby ordered fifty more of us to meet him at Joe Blackwell's, the day after his return, with *five* days' feed for our horses. Rations for ourselves we never carried, depending on buying or having them given to us by the citizens. We moved from headquarters at noon, and bivouacked the first night out near Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. At daylight the next morning we crossed the railroad, and took the old telegraph road to within a mile of Stafford Court House. Leaving the highway about half a mile, we entered one of those deep ravines which abound in that rugged country, and remained until the next afternoon, when we

resumed our march, passing through Stafford Court House, thence across the Acquia Creek Railroad, to a secluded point about three miles from Belle Plains. Here we were rejoined by Mosby, Charlie Hall, and John Edmonds, who had been on a scouting-party to find out the wagon-trains from the Plains to Fredericksburg. While out, they captured a wagon-master, who had strayed away from his train, from whom they obtained all the information necessary for Mosby to carry out his plans. While they were interrogating him, a brigade of infantry was seen approaching them. Mosby sent his prisoner into the woods, out of their view, while he and Edmonds remained in the road. As the brigade passed, Mosby and Edmonds exchanged salutes, and conversed with the officers "on the situation." After the column had passed, Mosby and his party returned to the command, reaching it early in the afternoon. At midnight we started out to find the wagon-camp. On the march we had a fine view, by moonlight, of the enemy's fleet at the mouth of Acquia Creek. It had the appearance of a large city lighted by gas. A diligent search was instituted for the camp, but it was

not found until near daylight. It was not guarded; but, daylight being so near, Mosby deferred the attack until next night, with the view of making a sure thing of it. Had the nights that season of the year been one or two hours longer, Mosby would have made a capture which would have eclipsed all his former deeds.

From Belle Plains to Fredericksburg the distance is nine miles, and the enemy had a train of wagons hauling supplies from this place to the latter for the army. Indeed, so numerous were the enemy, that, to facilitate this immense amount of transportation, two roads were required, one for the wagons to go up, and the other to return. The remoteness of this country from our headquarters, Fauquier, induced the enemy to believe we would not molest them; consequently, they dispensed with the usual guards. Besides, Grant had lost so heavily at Spottsylvania and Fredericksburg, that every soldier was needed in the field. When it was known the camp was found, the men were anxious to "go into it" anyhow. The temptation was great, but had to be resisted; for had we attacked it, and captured five hundred or a

thousand mules and horses, we could have at that hour been cut off and captured. Mosby took us back to the dense pine woods, to await the return of night. At ten o'clock Mosby left us in charge of Alfred Glasscock, who was to make the attack, and went scouting to Fairfax County.

The enemy, in small squads, started out the next morning, to see if any rebels were in that country. Seeing the tracks we made the night before, they returned to camp, and reported. Then a force of one regiment of cavalry and one regiment of infantry were started out to capture us. While most of us were indulging ourselves in a nap, under the shade of the trees, some with their horses unsaddled, our men were suddenly confronted with a large column of infantry. They, not knowing our force, halted, which afforded our pickets time to get back to camp, and apprise us of our danger. In a few moments we were mounted, and ready to move; but our guide, Charlie Hall, was gone. We, however, commenced the retreat, going in the direction of the railroad. Meeting a citizen hiding from the enemy, we were advised by him not to "go that way;" that "the whole

country was filled with the enemy." There being no one amongst us who knew the country, he guided us to the railroad, where we met another detachment of infantry marching down the railroad with laborers to repair it. Being thus cut off, Glasscock adopted the daring plan of dashing on (we after him), and crying out, "Mosby is after us! get out of the way!" The enemy broke, and ran for the woods; we passed, and got out safe.

That morning, early, Charlie Hall (our guide) and John Edmonds had started out scouting; and, as they had not returned before we left, the greatest anxiety was felt for their safety. They came out safe, with three prisoners and horses, but with some difficulty. On their return to camp, they met this same force, and were compelled to change their course. Whatever way they went, the enemy's pickets were seen. Finding themselves surrounded, to save their prisoners and horses, they concluded to represent themselves as a federal scouting-party looking for Mosby. Riding up to the pickets, and representing themselves as such, they were permitted to pass out of their lines, and got back safe to Fauquier with their booty.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTURE OF A VIDETTE BY JOHN RUSSELL—DISAPPOINTMENTS—VARIOUS OPERATIONS—BOB WALKER, LIKE CHARLES SECOND, ESCAPES BY CLIMBING A TREE—KEYES'S CAVALRY.

IN a few days after our return, Mosby (not seeing anything in Fairfax for us) took one hundred and fifty men to the valley, crossing the mountains at Ashby's Gap, and swimming the Shenandoah River at Berry's Ferry, pushed on under cover of night to Martinsburg, to capture one hundred cavalry and two hundred artillery horses. We reached the suburbs of the town about three o'clock A.M., without being seen by any one, and halted under a hill near the railroad, while Mosby and John Russell should reconnoitre, and find out the best way to get in. To their surprise, three hundred infantry were found guarding the horses, and videttes

were found posted a hundred yards apart all around the camp. Mosby at once abandoned all idea of attacking the camp, and ordered us to retire. On going out we had not proceeded more than one hundred yards before the command, "Halt! who comes dar?" rang in our ears. John Russell, our guide, being in the advance, rode up to him. He was a German, and asked Russell, "Vot you want?" his carbine pointing at Russell's breast. Russell pushed his carbine aside, and, pointing a pistol in his face ordered him to throw the carbine down.

"Vot you want me throw it way for? Me pay for it."

After the exchange of a few more words, Russell, with his prisoner, joined the command, and all started back for Fauquier. At sunrise Mosby ordered A. E. Richards, who had been promoted to the captaincy of Company B, for meritorious conduct, to detail twenty men, and return to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and take that express-train which passed while we were lying near Martinsburg the night before. Richards made the detail, including Lieutenant Harry Hatcher, alias "Deadly," of Company A, and returned the

next night. They reached the railroad without being discovered by the pickets. There were two tracks, the old one and a new one; and they, thinking the train would pass over the new, removed a rail on it, and retired to a small piece of woods some twenty yards from the road, and then patiently awaited its arrival, each one having visions of greenbacks, gold watches, &c., &c., looming up before them. In a few moments the train came dashing by, but on the old track. One fellow, thinking it would stop for him, mounted his horse and made for it; but it soon disappeared behind a mountain, and Richards returned without accomplishing anything.

The season for a vigorous campaign approaching, Mosby, to be prepared for it, sent Companies B and C to Loudon County, to get forage for the battalion. Chapman, with Company C, collected it near Lovettsville, and pressed wagons from the farmers to send it to Fauquier. Richards, with Company B, operated in the neighborhood of Waterford, sending out with each load one or two men as a guard. Chapman gathered his without interruption. Richards, after collecting the tithe around Waterford, took his re-

maining men, six in number, and moved over towards Berlin to find corn for another occasion. While going down the *grade* beyond General Wright's (who was a wealthy and influential farmer at the commencement of the war, but was broken up by the enemy), we were attacked by Keyes's cavalry, sixty in number. We retreated to the woods; and, striking a private road, we followed that, which led us to the mountains, pursued all the way. Bob Walker, with Captain Richards, while gallantly trying to keep back the foe, had his horse shot under him. Being near a wheat-field, he retreated to that, climbed an apple-tree, and escaped, although the enemy instituted a diligent search for him. Reaching the mountains, we ascended them; and, resting our horses until the cool of the evening, we then resumed our march back to old Fauquier.

This affair being the first time Keyes's men ever pursued any of us, they were very much emboldened, and afterwards would cross the Potomac River at the Point of Rocks, in squads of fifteen and twenty, and scout up as far as Hamilton, Woodgrove, and Waterford, robbing the citizens who sympathized with

the South, and getting whiskey at Downey's Stillhouse, the owner of which was President of the *bogus* Virginia Senate, then holding its sessions in Alexandria. This place was a great rendezvous for them, at which they captured quite a number of our men; and from this place they would come up to Waterford, a distance of only five miles, to see their parents and sweethearts. It was on one of these trips, that Lieutenant Frank Williams, of Company B, gave a drubbing to a party of them, which effectually terminated all future expeditions of the kind.

Lieutenant Williams, with six men, visited Waterford with the view of capturing one of these parties. Passing through the town, he concealed his men behind an old house near the bridge, at the lower part. In a short time fifteen of Keyes's men dashed into the village, and commenced having "a nice time" with their friends; telling them how they had chased "those horse-thieves," meaning Mosby's men, and expressing a strong desire to met them again. Williams, with one man, rode up to where they were, and fired into them. They soon mounted their horses, and gave Williams chase. When they had

reached their comrades, they halted; and the rest of his men charged the enemy. Keyes retreated in confusion, and was pursued three miles. Six of his men were captured, one killed in the town, and three wounded. Williams secured ten fine horses in this little affair. When he returned to Waterford, to convey the prisoners, and look after the wounded, the most affecting scenes took place between the prisoners and their friends at parting. Williams sustained neither loss nor injury.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHARGE OF BUSHWHACKING — A DARKEY BUSHWHACKER — UNION CITIZENS OF WATERFORD — A "TRAP" — ARTILLERY — SURRENDER AT DUFFIELD — LIEUTENANT NELSON.

THE enemy, while we occupied that country, very ungenerously accused us and our Southern friends living inside their lines with being bushwhackers. Now I will venture to say here to the world, and to state it without fear of contradiction, that there were not two persons, soldiers or citizens, in that whole country, extending from the Blue Ridge to Washington, who were regular bushwhackers. The only instance of the kind that ever came to my knowledge was that of a darkey (whom the Yankees had driven away from his home) near Salem, while General Meade's army was lying around Warrenton, and scouting-parties were roving over the whole country. This darkey would take his double-bar-

Hoe's accomplished wives and daughters were unremitting in their attentions to us; and music, dancing, card-playing, &c., was the order for three whole days.

On the 22d of June, the battalion met at Rectortown, where we had roll-call for the first time since our organization. Two hundred and sixty men answered to their names; and, for the first time, we had one piece of artillery (twelve-pound howitzer). Detail of artillerists was made to man the gun, and Lieutenant Sam Chapman placed in command of it. At noon the men fell into ranks, and moved off in the direction of Fairfax. On reaching Anandale, we found the enemy prepared to receive us, and also reënforced. Declining to attack them, Mosby ordered us back to Fauquier by companies, Captain Richards, with Company B, taking the road, *via* Centreville and Manassas. When near Centreville he met with a large squad of the enemy, grazing their horses and surveying land (for what purpose the writer never learned). Charging them before they could form, he took thirty-five of them prisoners, killed, wounded, and dispersed the rest, secured fifty horses, and got back to Fauquier County without loss.

On the 28th day of June, a meeting was held at Upperville. Two hundred and fifty men responded to their names. At noon we moved up the turnpike through Paris; thence across the mountains at Ashby Gap. One mile from the Gap, at Mount Carmel, we took the mountain road, which carried us to Shepperd's Mills, crossing the Shenandoah River there. Resting our horses an hour or so, we resumed our march, passing through Cabletown, on to within one mile of Charlestown, on the turnpike, where we halted and drew up in line of battle on either side of the road, with one piece of artillery posted on an eminence commanding the turnpike up and down for one mile. A party was sent into town to draw the enemy out, if any were there; if not, to Halltown, near Harper's Ferry.

After waiting half an hour to be attacked, and the party sent out to draw the enemy on having returned with intelligence of no enemy nearer than Harper's Ferry, Mosby determined to strike the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Passing through Charlestown, where we were greeted with waving of handkerchiefs and smiles from pretty ladies, we filed off to the left, outside of the town, and

municated across the river, and operate to our advantage. To give plausibility to the statement, they had received intelligence that Early and Breckenridge were already in Maryland, and marching on Frederick City.

At eleven o'clock we reached the Potomac opposite Berlin, and in full view of the place; then filing right down the river through a large orchard, a few miles' march brought us to the farm of Mr. B. There we rested our horses for fully one hour, to await the return of a small scouting-party. Colonel Mosby had sent to the Point of Rocks, to look at the "situation." While waiting, and enjoying the delightful shade of the woods, a large number of the men were hospitably entertained by Mr. B.'s lady and amiable daughter, although they were strong Union people. At noon the scouting-party returned, and the order was given to "mount your horses." We then moved farther down the river, to a private ford, one mile from town, the battalion halting some two hundred yards from the river, in the woods. Sharpshooters and "long-range" guns were ordered "to the front," and skirmishing across the river com-

menced, Colonel Mosby superintending and participating himself in the luxury. The enemy, apprehending an attack on this stronghold, had increased the garrison at this place, and thrown up a very formidable earthwork on a knoll of ground at the lower end of the village, with a canal and river between us, in which fifty resolute men could have kept at bay, and even repulsed, at least one thousand cavalry, after the bridge across the canal was torn up. This fort commanded the river up and down for miles. The enemy's cavalry (about one hundred), commanded by Captain Keyes, were stationed half a mile in the rear of the town, while their infantry, some five hundred in number, were distributed on the side of the mountains for a mile up the river, and kept up a very brisk firing, without inflicting any injury to our men.

While this sharpshooting was going on, Lieutenant Sam Chapman moved his piece of artillery up a high hill directly opposite the town, and screened from the sight of the enemy, by the thick undergrowth, part of Company C supporting it. Some of the enemy were having a 4th of July dinner on a

of a partisan ranger, seeing the excellent "blockade" poured into the streets, thought it a wanton destruction. He conceived the idea of carrying some of it to Fauquier in his sack, which was already filled to overflowing with ladies' and gentlemen's dress and fancy goods, tea, sugar, coffee, &c. Taking this sack and putting the mouth of it to the spigot in a barrel of very fine "old rye," he began to fill it. After drawing several gallons, a friend informed him of his mistake. But it was too late; the whole contents of the sack were saturated with "spirits." Abandoning that one, he picked up another, which was soon filled. Only a few prisoners were captured here, and they escaped, while the men "went through" the stores. After all the men had provided themselves with what their necessities required, orders came to recross the river. In crossing the river the men presented a novel appearance, being completely enveloped in goods, with nothing visible of them but their heads and horses.

After the crossing had been accomplished safely, we moved back from the river one and a half miles, and bivouacked on the farm of James Mason's farm, and on the road lead-

to Leesburg. That night three wagons were pressed into service, and our plunder sent back to Fauquier. While the men were loading these wagons, the owner of one of the stores we had gone through, came up to Colonel Mosby, who on certain representations made to him, gave him permission to take from the men all goods that had his mark. Two of the wagons had already started out, which he reported to Colonel Mosby; whereupon, Mosby gave him an order permitting him to proceed to Fauquier County unmolested, and search, and take his goods wherever he found them. A large quantity of his goods were taken out of the lot in camp, and the men turned around and bought them at the owner's own prices, just in the same manner as a person would go into a store to make a purchase. In Fauquier, what goods the merchant found were carried to Middleburg, and sold to the citizens. In the opinion of all rational men, this statement will effectually refute the charge the enemy made against us of being a pack of robbers. The next day the enemy scouted down to the Point, to see what was done. They approached the town very cautiously, and find-

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAJOR FORBES "COMES FOR WOOL AND GOES HOME SHORN"—MOSBY'S LIFE SAVED BY TOM RICHARDS—SOLDIERLY BEARING OF MAJOR FORBES.

THE battalion was formed at three o'clock P.M. on the 5th, and moved in the direction of Leesburg, with the view of crossing the Potomac again at Muddy Branch. The battalion, numbering about one hundred and fifty men (the rest having flanked out and gone home), went into camp that night within five miles of Leesburg. At nine o'clock, after all had fed their horses and lain down to sleep, scouts came in and reported that "Leesburg was full of Yankees, who were looking after us." Horses were resaddled in one moment, and mounted. Our present position being considered unsafe, Colonel Mosby moved up across the mountains by a private road to a point one mile

above Waterford, and remained there the rest of the night. During the night scouts were sent out to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and who they were. They returned by sunrise next day, and we broke up camp at seven o'clock, going directly to Leesburg. Arriving there at nine o'clock A.M., we found the enemy two hundred and fifty strong, under the command of Major Forbes, of Boston. He had left the place about one hour before, threatening to annihilate Mosby if he came across him, saying that they came out expressly to meet him, and had been looking two days without finding him. While in Leesburg, Colonel Mosby ascertained that they were picked men from three regiments of cavalry stationed at Falls Church, Anandale, and Fairfax Court House, and under the command of Major Forbes, "fighting major," as Colonel Lowell used to call him.

Colonel Mosby determined to follow him up, and, if he could overtake him, to offer him battle, expressing, at the same time, a desire to meet him at or near Mrs. Skinner's, below Aldie, on the Alexandria Turnpike. Meeting with no detention in Leesburg, we moved rapidly to Ball's Mill, on Goose Creek,

CHAPTER XXVII.

MOSBY PROMOTED TO THE OFFICE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL — CHAPMAN AND MONTJOY PUNISH A GANG OF INCENDIARIES — UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACKS.

THE wonderful success which attended Major Mosby on all his forays on the enemy, had elicited from Generals Lee and Stuart frequent recommendations to the War Department for his promotion. No officer in the Army of Northern Virginia (and there was many a gallant one) had accomplished as much with a brigade of cavalry as Mosby had with his small band of men. With this small squad he kept the enemy in the Valley, and made them *hug* their fortifications around Washington, at Point of Rocks, Berlin, and Harper's Ferry, Maryland, besides extending the arm of protection to the farmers in the counties of Fauquier, Loudon, Prince William, and the upper portion of Fairfax.

Order and respect for private property prevailed all over these counties; and whenever there was the least trespass on private property, whether it was upon Union or upon Southern farmers, by his own men or by other persons, the trespassers were arrested and sent to Richmond, to be tried by court-martial. In consideration of all these services, the President promoted Mosby to the office of lieutenant-colonel, and a merited promotion it was.

A few days after Mosby's return from Fairfax, Captain Sam Chapman of Company E, and Montjoy of Company D, took portions of their companies (sixty men) into the Valley on a raid. When near Berryville, they met a party of the enemy applying the torch to every barn, stable, and out-house in their march, shooting and killing stock in the fields. Innocent women and children and old men were turned out of doors, and their houses and all burnt to the ground. The sight presented to Chapman and his men aroused all the worst passions of the soldier; and there was one general shout of "no quarter!" Chapman and Montjoy, with their sixty men, swept down on the enemy like a

CHAPTER XXIX.

SUCCESSFUL TRIPS OF LIEUTENANT RUSSELL AND COMPANIONS — THE WRITER'S VISIT TO RICHMOND — DECLINES URGENT INVITATIONS TO MAKE HIS HOME IN THE INTRENCHMENTS — MOSBY ATTACKS THE ENEMY AT SALEM — VARIOUS CAPTURES, ETC.

LIEUTENANT JOHN RUSSELL, of Clark County, —— Magner, of Mississippi, Dr. Lowers, of the Valley, and Ab Suttle crossed the Shenandoah River every night, attacked picket-posts, and harassed the enemy at every point in the Valley, giving them no rest night or day. Every trip they made was a successful one, in securing prisoners and horses. Lieutenant John Russell established daily communication with General Sheridan's headquarters at Winchester. Daily Baltimore papers (the "Gazette" and "American") were received in Paris at nine o'clock the night after they were issued.

Mosby being still absent, on account of his wound, large numbers of the men availed

themselves of the opportunity (*business* being very dull) of getting a short furlough, to go home, and take with them what had been captured during the summer campaign in Maryland and the various camps. I availed myself of the opportunity, and paid a flying visit of two days to Richmond. I met there my Captain, A. E., and Tom Richards, and also John Atkins, of County Cork, Ireland, who had crossed the Atlantic "to join Mosby." Mr. Atkins was a younger brother of Captain Atkins (now Lord ——) of General Elzey's staff.

The day after my arrival in Richmond, Fort Harrison was taken by the enemy, and the greatest alarm prevailed in the city. The town bell was rung, militia called out, and guards placed at every corner, to take up furloughed soldiers and officers (with which the city was filled) to go to the intrenchments, and check the advance of the enemy. After being picked up on the street, they were marched by a guard to what was called the Soldier's Home, there organized into companies, and then marched out to the army. Atkins and myself were amongst the fortunate ones they desired to go out; but having completed

the enemy, concluding all our men had left the country, except those with Chapman, sent a party of sixteen from Rectortown, *via* Upperville and Paris, with dispatches to General Sheridan in the valley. Their arrival in Upperville, in such a small squad, was a surprise to all. Captain Montjoy being in the neighborhood and hearing of them, sent John Thomas, John Horn, Ab Fox, James Keith, and two others, who followed them through Ashby's Gap and attacked them at the toll-gate, between the gap and the river. Nine were captured without making any resistance; the other seven dismounted and fled to the mountains, and, getting lost, came down in the evening to Paris and gave themselves up. Sixteen horses and the dispatches were secured. The dispatches, being in cipher, were sent to Richmond, and the character of them never known.

The morning after this, thirty-five men of Company B met Captain A. E. Richards at Paris, and started on a raid to the valley, crossing at Ashby's Gap, and the Shenandoah River at Island Ford. When near Strasburg Richards attacked fifty cavalrymen and one ambulance belonging to General Sheridan's

headquarters. The enemy were routed; six were killed, including Sheridan's chief quartermaster; twenty-eight horses and twelve prisoners were taken. The ambulance, also, was captured with contents, including valuable papers, giving reports of the number of cavalry and artillery horses &c., &c.; these were sent to Richmond.

not advance. Mosby was in fine spirits, and riding along the column in front of Company B, cried out, —

"Well, ———, which would you rather have, — the General or the wagons?"

"Both," replied ———.

Just then a shell exploded near the Colonel, which terminated the colloquy, and we moved off towards Fauquier.

The battalion dividing below Berryville, the Second Squadron, with Chapman, re-crossed the Shenandoah river at Berry Ferry, and passing through Ashby's Gap, proceeded to Markham, Fauquier County, to watch the movements of the enemy on the Manassas Gap Railroad. The First Squadron, under command of Captain Frankland, of Company F, crossed the Shenandoah river, at Castleman's Ferry; thence through Snicker's Gap to a point (Mum's) between Rectortown and Middleburg, in the hope of intercepting some small scouting-parties of the enemy. After we had lain in the woods watching for them all day, and had neither seen nor heard anything of them, orders came from Captain Richards to disband and go home.

On the 29th of October, Colonel Mosby

ordered a meeting, at Middleburg, of a portion of the command. Lieutenant Wren, with fifteen men, reported, and found the Colonel had gone. From there we pushed on to Carter's Mill. Reaching there, we learned Mosby had just left, without stopping. Getting track of him, we pushed on and overtook his party in the woods one mile and a half from the Mill. Lieutenant Harry Hatcher, of Company A, riding up to us, told us to rest our horses; that two hundred Yankees had just started out from Rectortown, scouting, and that he and Colonel Mosby had been watching them.

Orders soon came to *mount our horses.* The party with Mosby coming up, our number was swelled to one hundred and ten men. Learning the enemy were at Hatcher's Mill, on the Alexandria turnpike, we pressed on in that direction, in high glee, and found them dismounted and feeding their horses. Deeming it hazardous to attack them then, we waited in the woods until they resumed their march, and followed them on until we reached Henry Dulaney's house, about one mile from Upperville. In the meanwhile Mosby left us in charge of Captain Frankland, while he went

leaving Washington City after he had been enrolled, and attaching himself to a band of guerillas."

Bob stood his trial, and the night after his condemnation to the Albany Penitentiary for fourteen years, took French leave. Confined in the third story of the Old Capitol Prison, in the dead hour of night he tore up his bed-clothes, and made a rope by which he let himself down to the pavement, and escaped, although the sentry fired at him. The night being very dark, he quickly disappeared, and sought the house of a friend in the city, who provided him with a suit of citizen's clothes. Sallying out the next morning, he passed through Georgetown and Rockville as a member of the Sanitary Commission, bargaining for poultry and supplies for the hospitals. Beyond Rockville he overtook a party of five Marylanders, going South. All being provided with pocket-pistols, they took a picket post, and mounting themselves, pushed on rapidly to the Potomac, and crossed over into Virginia, near Leesburg, and reached the *Confederacy*, after eleven months' imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ESCAPES FROM PRISON — HALL'S ESCAPE — MAGNER'S ESCAPE — ELIMINATION OF SKULKERS — MONTJOY LEARNS SOMETHING ABOUT BRASHER.

DURING this year, 1864, no less than thirty of our men escaped from prison and the guards over them. Charlie Hall, who was a prisoner of Colonel Cole's, and was awaiting transportation to prison at Harper's Ferry, obtaining a Federal overcoat, asked of the guard permission to go to Colonel Cole's headquarters. Instead of going to Colonel Cole's headquarters, he walked out of camp uninterrupted, and reported at Mosby's the next day.

Magner, of Mississippi, was captured in Paris in the night, by taking the enemy for our own cavalry. He was carried to Harper's Ferry a prisoner. Having on a very fine uniform of the Confederate gray, he exchanged it with a Jessie scout for a Federal uniform.

While waiting for transportation to Camp Chase, a large body of troops passed through Harper's Ferry, to reënforce Sheridan in the Valley. At a moment when he was not watched closely, he fell into the column as a common soldier, limping, as if wearied with his march. His *comrades* asked him where his gun was. "In the wagon," replied Magner, and passed on, without attracting any further notice. Watching his chances to escape, he straggled, and sought refuge in the mountains, where he remained all night. Next day he was discovered by a scouting-party, who gave him chase. Jumping down an embankment of fifty feet, which dislocated his shoulder, he plunged into the Shenandoah, swam across with one arm, and was free once more. The next day he reached Fauquier.

On the 11th of November, an inspection of the battalion was held at Rectortown. Five hundred men reported to their names at roll-call. This inspection was held at the request of Mosby. A large number of men had connected themselves with the battalion, whose names were on the rolls of the regular army, and who, thinking to shirk military

duty, came up and joined the Forty-third. They were a set of men who very seldom went on a raid; and when they did go, and there was any fighting or horses captured, would lag behind, and when it was all over, would lead the horses out, take the greenbacks from the prisoners, and when near their homes would *flank out* with a horse, and never come up to a division of the property. In that way they lived. This kind of men Mosby did not want, and would not have; and he adopted this method of getting them together with the determination of sending them to Richmond, to be put in the trenches.

Captain Meade, of General Early's staff, was the inspecting officer. The names of these men had been previously obtained from the captains of the companies. When their names were called, and they appeared before the Colonel and Inspector, they were relieved of the equipments furnished by Mosby, and placed under guard. Eighty names were struck from our rolls that day, and started for Richmond under a guard of twenty-three men. Out of the eighty, only twenty-three were turned over to Major Boyle, Provost Marshal at Gordonsville. Some of them escaped

by jumping out of a window in the third story of a house; others would leave their horses, &c. After inspection, the men were disbanded, to go to their homes and await further orders.

On the 16th of November, a meeting of Company D was held at Paris. Thirty men reported for duty, and started on a raid into the Valley, commanded by Captain Montjoy. They passed through Ashby's Gap at noon, and the Shenandoah River at the Island Ford one mile below Berry's Ferry. Montjoy then shaped his course in the direction of Winchester, avoiding on his march the public roads and highways. His movements in the Valley being entirely under cover of night, he succeeded in reaching the vicinity of Winchester without being observed by any one, either friend or foe. Concealing himself and men in a piece of woodland until day, and resting and feeding their horses at sunrise, he sallied out in quest of *game.*

It was not long before Montjoy, who was ahead some distance *prospecting*, came back and reported the enemy advancing in a force he intended to attack. He drew up his men for the charge under a hill about one hun-

dred yards from the road leading from Winchester to Newtown. The enemy moved up slowly and carelessly, and little dreamed they were marching into the lion's jaws, or that a mere handful of *Johnnies* (one third their number) were lying a few rods from them, eager for the fray. When they were directly opposite his men, Montjoy ordered the charge. The enemy were struck on the flank and rear. So great was the suprise, and impetuous the charge, that little or no resistance was shown by them. They all, to a man, put spurs to their horses, to escape the best way they could. Twelve, however, bit the dust in the space of about one mile, and seventeen were captured, including the same number of horses.

On Montjoy's return to Fauquier, while passing through Berryville, he met Captain Brasher, alias Blazer, with about seventy-five men. The meeting was a surprise to both parties, and had Captain Montjoy, instead of inquiring who they were, charged through them, as Mosby would have done, Brasher would have been routed, and his men scattered over the whole Valley. But during the colloquy, time was afforded Brasher to form

his men by one of his lieutenants (Cole), and thus get the *bulge* on Montjoy, which resulted in a precipitate retreat. Captain Montjoy and his men were pursued to the Shenandoah River, losing two men killed and five wounded, besides abandoning all his capture.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE BRAVE BRASHER DEFEATED AND TAKEN PRISONER — MAGNANIMITY OF BRAVE MEN — CAPTURES — CAPTURES RE-CAPTURED — ESCAPE OF YOUNG ROLLING.

ON the 17th of November, the First Squadron, Companies A and B, met at Bloomfield, while the Second Squadron, Companies C, E, and F, met at Paris, and went into the Valley, capturing four horses and three prisoners near Winchester, and returned on the 18th. The First Squadron, commanded by Captain A. E. Richards, crossed the mountains at Snicker's Gap, and the Shenandoah River at Castleman's Ferry. From there Richards pushed on down the Valley to Cabletown, in search of Captain Brasher. Reaching Cabletown, Richards learned that Brasher had just gone in search of him, in the direction of Rock Ford. Getting on his track, Richards followed him up, and, when

about midway between the Ford and Cable-town, met him in an open field.

Company B halted under a hill, while Company A was sent ahead, to pull down a fence. Brasher, thinking A retreating, charged them; but before reaching Company A, Richards, with Company B, charged them on their flank. A desperate fight ensued, a portion of which was hand-to-hand. The enemy broke and retreated in confusion, and were pursued for several miles. The field was strewn with their dead and wounded. Brasher, who fought as no Federal soldier ever fought before, after a hand-to-hand fight with Sidney Ferguson, who knocked him off his horse with a pistol, surrendered. Thirty-one of the enemy were killed and wounded; nineteen were taken prisoners, together with thirty-nine fine horses. Brasher, when he made the attack, had six prisoners with him, — three of General Lomax's men, and three of ours, whom they had captured the day before in the Valley. Puryear, one of them, as soon as he was liberated, picked up a club in one hand, and with a pistol which he had borrowed, in the other, went in, knocking down on one side and shooting on the other.

Richards had one man killed and six wounded. He had only seventy-five men with him, while Brasher had his whole command (one hundred men) with him. Brasher complimented Richards highly for his bravery and skill in the management of his men, saying he never saw men fight better, and that he had been whipped fairly, a compliment that affected Harry Hatcher so sensibly, that he could not refrain from embracing the old soldier, although he was a foe.

When the North heard of this complete overthrow of the man who had been taken from the regular army, and sent to the Valley with one hundred picked men, to "*clean out Mosby*," by one third fewer men than he had, and armed with nothing but pistols, their newspapers teemed with explanations, and insisted that the case was not so bad as was at first supposed. It might not have been so; but one thing is certain, Captain Brasher was so crippled in this engagement, that his men who escaped never made another raid into our Confederacy, or exchanged shots on the battle-field. When he was exchanged, the authorities gave a Confederate Colonel for this captain.

On the 20th of November, a meeting of the members of Company F was held at Paris. Lieutenant Frank Trurun, commanding, took twenty-five men, crossed the mountains and entered the Valley, and captured, near Summit Point, eight prisoners, and the same number of mules and horses. Sending them out with a guard of five men, he pushed on with the remaining twenty to the neighborhood of Winchester, and captured on the 22d fifteen prisoners and fifteen horses, and returned to Fauquier, on the 23d, without loss.

On the 21st, Companies C and D met at Paris, Montjoy commanding. Mosby took them into the Valley, and on the 22d, when near Winchester, captured nineteen prisoners and seventeen mules, which were brought out and sold to the Government.

On the 23d of November, Companies C and E met at Paris. Only sixty-five men reported for duty. At four o'clock P.M., led by Lieutenant John Russell, they passed through Ashby's Gap, and crossed the Shenandoah River at Berry's Ferry. Russell then moved in the direction of White Post. Here he hid his men in the woods, until Mosby and Captain William Chapman should come up.

They arrived at midnight, after a short rest. Lookouts were posted on all the roads, to watch for wagon-trains. Seeing nothing, they were called in, and Mosby moved his men nearer Winchester. While emerging from a piece of wood, they saw a train of wagons in the distance. Pushing up his men, Mosby charged the train, and followed it into General Powell's cavalry camp of two thousand men. The enemy fled in all directions, leaving Mosby to start out with one hundred and fifty prisoners and two hundred horses and mules. The enemy, however, rallied and pursued Mosby. Mosby's horse became unmanageable, broke his bit, and ran away. The men followed him, and were pushed so close as to necessitate an abandonment of all the prisoners and captured property.

In the retreat, Captain Chapman had his horse killed under him. John Kirwin, one of his men, dismounted from his Rosinante, and gave him to his captain, while he himself jumped up behind another man, and came out safe. Young Bolling had his horse shot, and fell with him, playing dead. The enemy came up, took one thousand two hundred dollars out of his pocket, and passed on.

After they had all disappeared, Bolling got up, shook himself, and started afoot to Fauquier. Angelo, alias Mocking-bird, was captured, and taken to Martinsburg and put in jail. During the first night of his incarceration, he opened the jail door, walked out, and escaped, reaching Fauquier the next day. These were all the casualties on this raid. The pursuit terminated at Millwood, five miles from the Shenandoah River.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DEATH OF MONTJOY—BURNING OF JOE BLACKWELL'S HOUSE, MOSBY'S HEADQUARTERS—A LOYAL TRANSACTION IN WOOL—RAID OF CUSTAR AND OTHERS—DESTRUCTION AND DESOLATION.

ON the 26th of this month, the First and Second Squadrons met at Bloomfield. Two hundred men reported for duty. Mosby, placing himself at the head of the column, moved off to Snickersville. Passing through the Gap and crossing the Shenandoah River, he pushed on to Charlestown, to attack a cavalry camp at that place. On reaching Charlestown, it was found that Captain Baylor, of the regular army, had attacked them the night before, and they had been reënforced with three hundred infantry posted in a church near by. Deeming it inexpedient to make an attack, Mosby abandoned the expedition, disbanded his men, and all returned. The Second Squadron met the same day at Paris, crossed over into the Valley, and cap-

for three days, and during that time applied the torch to everything except the houses: these they robbed. In some portions of Loudon, Quakers and Union citizens were spared; but along under the mountains, from Semper's Mill to Leesburg, none escaped the fury of the enemy. The poor people, with only one cow for their subsistence, were deprived of it. If old Satan himself had thrown open the gates of hell, and turned loose all the devils in there, they could not have inflicted greater misery and woe than Custar's, Torbert's, and Merritt's cavalry inflicted on these people in this raid. To see that they did their work of destruction thoroughly, General Custar himself, the second day after he crossed at Berry's Ferry, with a large force scoured the Blue Ridge Mountains from Snickersville to Ashby's Gap. On entering Paris, and halting with his body-guard in front of Mr. Adams's, keeper of the hotel, he ordered his men "to get to work and complete the destruction of everything that might be of service to Mosby," and to show his men no quarter. Two of his body-guard went to Mr. Hartman, to get their *rations*. While one was in the milk-house, doing his dirty work,

Sid Ferguson rode up and seized him by the collar and carried him off. General Custar, fearing he might meet with the same fate, made a hasty retreat to Mrs. Hicks's, two miles down the turnpike, where he rejoined a portion of his men, who had swept everything before them.

How agreeable must have been General Custar's reflections, as he viewed from the top of the Blue Ridge, immense clouds of smoke and flame, arising from smouldering ruins, as far as the eye could reach, — the ruins of the houses of a once happy and prosperous people, now reduced to absolute beggary by his hand and edict. Recollections of that character may be drowned in the excitement of active life and the storm of the battle-field, but on the death-bed they will rise up as they appeared to him on the 29th day of November, 1864.

About fifty of the burners were captured and shot. One was taken to Mount Eddy, and with his eyes looking down on the smoking ruins wrought by his own hands, was hung. At Mrs. Burns's, near Upperville, they caught John Thomas, of Company A, and beat him, as they thought, to death. He,

The Second squadron, commanded by Captain William H. Chapman, crossed over into the Valley at Berry's Ferry, and when near the White Post, were attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy, which necessitated their retreat. That was effected without loss or injury.

On the 7th of December another inspection of the command was held at Rectortown. Captain Clary, of General Early's staff, was the inspecting officer; but no further *details* were made to the regular army. After inspection, Captain Richards, of Company B, and commandant of the First squadron, detailed forty men, with fast horses, to meet him the next day (Thursday), at two o'clock, at Snickersville.

In compliance with Richards's order, the men met him. He then started on a raid to the Valley, crossing the mountains at Snicker's Gap, and Shenandoah River at Castleman's Ferry. Penetrating the enemy's lines to within five miles of Martinsburg, and capturing only two Federals, he changed his course, and struck for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Duffield Station. When about half way a violent snow-storm set in and com-

pelled him to return to Fauquier. As it snowed all that night, Richards's men suffered severely. He reached headquarters, however, without loss or serious injury, although the mercury stood below zero during his entire absence.

On the 10th of December, Captain Sam Chapman, commanding Company E, took thirty of his men into the Valley, crossing at Ashby's Gap, and the river at Island Forde, in a terrible snow-storm. He bivouacked that night on the banks of the Shenandoah, and at four o'clock the next morning mounted his men and attacked a picket post at the toll-gate, near Millwood, before day, with great success, capturing five Federals and eleven horses, without loss.

On the night of the 21st of December, Colonel Mosby, with only one man (Love), was surprised and wounded. He fell into the hands of the *Philistines* at Mr. Lake's, near Rector's Cross Roads. Colonel Mosby, with young Love, was returning from a scouting expedition in one of the lower counties, and, feeling very much fatigued, they stopped in at Mr. Lake's, at nine o'clock at night, to refresh themselves with a cup of genuine coffee.

tell them, and thus afford Mr. Lake an opportunity (if Mosby was not too dangerously wounded,) to carry him to a safe place.

Love was carried to Middleburg. On the road he was interrogated as to who that officer was in the house. He replied that he was a stranger to him, but he *understood* his name to be Lieutenant Johnson, of the Regular Service. The enemy, satisfied it was not their great terror (Mosby), troubled themselves no further about him until they reached their camp, when on examining the papers in the pockets of the clothes they had taken from Lieutenant Johnson, to their utter amazement, they found it was no other person than the veritable John S. Mosby, and not Lieutenant Johnson! The greatest excitement prevailed in and through the camp. The command "to horse," was instantly given by the officer in command, and the whole force started back to Mr. Lake's, to secure Lieutenant Johnson, and bring him to camp, dead or alive.

The return was a most exciting march. Men vied with their officers to reach Mr. Lake's first. Mr. Lake, however, who was a great admirer and warm personal friend of

Colonel Mosby, had not been unmindful of the Colonel's critical situation, and what a serious loss his capture would be to the people of Fauquier, and the Confederacy. Without considering the treatment he would receive at their hands, Mr. Lake, as soon as the enemy left the house, yoked up his steers, and placed him in an *ox-cart*, in an almost dying condition, and drove him through the fields, (to prevent the enemy's getting on his track) to Mr. Quilly Glasscock's, father of Lieutenant Glasscock, a mile and a half distant on Goose Creek, and off the public road. Ere Mosby had reached Mr. Glasscock's, the enemy were back to Mr. Lake's for their prize; but the bird had flown. The house was searched diligently, but no one found. They raved. The ladies of the house were taken out and interrogated as to where that wounded man was, and told that if they did not tell, their house should be burned down. The only reply they received was, "Burn on, we do not know where he is."

The enemy, satisfying themselves he was not on Mr. Lake's premises, and not knowing at what moment they might be attacked at that hour of the night, fell into line and moved

back to their camp, with the intention of renewing the search the next morning.

At Mr. Glasscock's, Dr. Dunn, surgeon of the battalion, and Dr. Eliason, late of General Stuart's Staff, were soon at his side. His wound was pronounced dangerous and painful, being through the side, just below the ribs, producing internal bleeding, so that he was not in a condition to be moved. Yet he was kept in an ambulance, with fleet horses harnessed up, ready to be moved in an emergency.

The enemy returned next day, and after a fruitless search returned that evening to Fairfax. Doctors Dunn and Eliason pronouncing Mosby's wounds too dangerous to admit of his being moved, the men were employed in picketing all the roads, to give notice of the approach of the enemy. For fear the enemy might find out Mosby's whereabouts, he was moved in the night from one neighbor's house to another, by which means they were not only ignorant of where he was, but even his own men did not know. His men, however, knew he was in the neighborhood, and that was all.

The Monday night after he was shot, he

was carried to Salem. Tuesday morning five thousand Federal cavalry arrived in Salem, on their return to the Valley from a raid through Rappahannock and Madison Counties, to Gordonsville. They had heard of Mosby's being wounded, and were looking out for him, knowing his friends would endeavor to get him inside of our lines, or to his father's in Amherst County. In Salem all inquired where he was, and large rewards were offered for the information. "*No one knows*" was all they could get out of the citizens of Salem; yet Mosby was amongst them at that moment. The enemy, dividing their force there into two columns, instituted a rigid search for the "guerilla." One column moved in the direction of Middleburg, destroying and burning everything in their route, except private residences. The other column moved through Rectortown and Piedmont, and camped on Joe Gibson's farm, two miles from Paris, that night. Generals Custar and Torbert establishing their headquarters in the mill, the roads and lanes were barricaded, to keep us from disturbing them.

Lieutenants Beattie and John Russell, with some few men, annoyed the enemy all night.

Sky-rockets were thrown into their camp, and the cattle and stock they had stolen from the citizens along their route were frightened and stampeded. Their camp being between two mountains, and our men being on the sides, they amused themselves by throwing hand-grenades in amongst them, rolling large rocks down on them, and firing into them. Their situation, and the sleep they had that night, can be better imagined by my readers than I relate to them. The enemy visited Jim Lew Adams, and charged him with having boarded and given aid, comfort, and sympathy to our men. According to Judge Lynch (under whose code they decided such cases), accusation and conviction being synonymous terms, they destroyed every article upon which his family might subsist, including bedding, clothing, corn, and poultry, carrying off such articles as suited their fancy. They likewise made a call upon Mr. William Hopper, near the Gap. Mrs. Hopper had anticipated the object of their mission, and secreted the contents of the smoke-house under the wood-pile. Just as her undertaking was completed, the squad came into the yard and ordered refreshments, which were not furnished according to

a regular bill of fare, when they broke into the smoke-house and feloniously captured two rolls of sausage. At Mrs. Margaret Edmonds's, they discovered some good bacon in the garret, which was hastily confiscated. The sanctity of her private chamber was broken, and the men acted without restraint. From thence they crossed the mountains at Ashby's Gap, in the direction of Winchester. In the Gap, there lived at the house of Peter Marshall, a faithful old black woman, who, for the love she bore her *true* friends, had received and given shelter to our pickets on divers occasions. By some means not known to the writer, the Yankees had learned of this old woman's fidelity, and forthwith she was robbed of all her food and little "traps."

Captain Richards and Bob Walker, with fifteen Virginia boys, followed close in the wake of these plunderers as they crossed the river, and even to the vicinity of Millwood, from whence our men retraced their steps, encountering a dense fog, under cover of which the remaining division of the Yankee forces came upon our men unawares. Our men were very "impressionable" at this juncture of affairs, and effected their escape with

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EXPLOIT OF MAJOR RICHARDS — RUMORS OF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS — DEEP SNOW — FOX-HUNTING — MAJOR GIBSON AND LIEUTENANT BAKER AFTER US — SOME OF THEM RETURN — NOBLE CONDUCT OF LIEUTENANT BAKER.

THE dawn of the morning of February 1, 1865, was heralded by still another exploit of Major Richards with twenty-five men. They made another crossing at Castleman's, and captured five patrolmen, from whom, by the exercise of strength, awkwardness, and a mixture of deception, they succeded in obtaining the countersign, and thus armed were enabled to effect the loan of five noble chargers from the Yankee garrison at Charlestown. The conditions of the loan not being fully understood, several leaden messengers sung around their ears as they made their exit. The riders of the captured horses were induced to remain in the saddle until we could furnish them quarters. Upon the return of Major Richards, he was advised that Jim

Wilcher and Bob Eastham, (alias Bob Ridley), with ten men, had attacked a train between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, without success. The engineer, however, fell from the train in his frenzied efforts to save his charge, and was instantly killed.

About this time rumors were in circulation of peace negotiations, and a conference to that end was said to be on the tapis at Fortress Monroe, between Vice President Stephens, Hon. Mr. Hunter, and Campbell, and Messrs. Lincoln and Seward. The news was brought by Bush Underwood, who had been scouting in Fairfax with four men. The intelligence cast a gloom not only over the officers and men, but over the whole of Mosby's "Confederacy;" and, although the farmers and soldiers were living on half allowance, gold at one hundred, and the citizens refusing to take Confederate money, we did not relax our efforts in the least degree. The officers and men unanimously resolved that if the Confederacy went down, the present generation and those that came after them should not say we did not discharge our duty. The men began to accumulate forage for their horses for the approaching campaign. They commenced

collecting the tithe in Fauquier, but that was discontinued, by order of Colonel Mosby, in consequence of the heavy tax which the people had already paid, in boarding his men.

On the 6th of February, Major Richards started with five men on a scouting expedition to Fairfax; but was obliged, before he got half way, to return, in consequence of a violent snow-storm which set in. The snow fell to the depth of two feet, and in many places where it drifted, it was one hundred feet. Roads were blockaded with it, and the stock in the mountains died for the want of grazing. While this condition of the roads lasted, the men amused themselves with the exciting sport of fox-chasing. Day and night could be heard the barking of dogs and the music of the horn reverberating in the mountains. A grand chase was proposed by some of the old hunters, and it came off on the 8th of February. The snow was about eighteen inches deep. Hunters came from the adjoining counties with their dogs. The foxes had become very annoying to the farmers in this portion of Fauquier, and as all kinds of business and work were suspended, it was thought

an excellent time to terminate the career of some of them. The old hunters, Wm. Hopper, Reuben Triplett, Bob and Phil Eastham, Hand, and John Carr had the management of it. One hundred citizens and soldiers participated in the chase. There were one hundred hounds, and the reverberations of their barking through the mountains, combined with the sight of a hundred men engaged in the chase, was a thing long to be remembered by the people of Fauquier. In dashing over the ravines men would sometimes be precipitated into the banks of snow, but soon recovered themselves. The chase commenced at ten o'clock A.M., and terminated at sunset. Five foxes were caught, and a large number chased to their caves.

On the 18th of February, one hundred and twenty-five of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanded by Major Gibson and Lieutenant Baker, of General Merritt's staff, crossed the Shenandoah River at Shepherd's Mill, nine miles from Paris, at eleven o'clock P.M., and made a night raid into our Confederacy, confident that we had abandoned our huts and holes in the mountains during this severe weather, and were sleeping in the

farmers' houses again. The weather was, and had been for some time, intensely cold. Snow was deep on the ground, and they were sure of making "*a good thing of it.*" After crossing at Shepherd's Mill, they took the road under the mountains and struck the turnpike at Mount Carmel Church. Here they were joined by another party of two hundred, who had crossed at Berry's Ferry. Passing through the Gap, they reached Paris at the foot of the mountain. Here they separated. The party of two hundred, which crossed at Berry's Ferry, were to proceed down the turnpike to Upperville, and capture Major Richards at his father's, two miles beyond, at Green Garden Mills; thence to Rectortown and Piedmont, where they were to meet the other party, after searching every house in their route. The other party, Major Gibson's, was to take the mountain road to Markham, and from there proceed to Piedmont.

The first party, after searching every house on the turnpike, entered Upperville. There they found a Government agent, with five barrels of apple-brandy, which he had brought up to Fauquier to trade with the farmers for hospital supplies. This was con-

fiscated. The heads of the barrels were knocked out, and all hands got drunk. By the time they reached Major Richards, they were too drunk to effect anything. They, however, surrounded the house. A party knocked at the front door, and were admitted by the Major's father. Taking him at first for the Major, they subjected him to a little rough treatment, until, by showing them his locks, frosted by many winters, he induced them to release him. The Major, who heard them before they entered the house, secreted himself in a place in the wall, which he had specially prepared for this exigency. The house and premises were searched diligently; but the object of their visit was not to be found. However, they appropriated to themselves every stitch of clothing he had in the world, including a magnificent dress uniform and overcoat, which he had received but a few days before from Baltimore. Being too drunk to proceed any further, this party returned to the Valley before day.

Major Gibson performed his part like a soldier, searching every house diligently on his route, except Mr. Hopper's and Mr. Hartman's at the foot of the Gap. How they

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overlooked them I am unable to comprehend. Had they given Mr. Hopper a call, five would have been caught sleeping in a feather bed, including the writer. Soldiers, however, you know, are inclined to be superstitious. They remembered the last 18th of February, and that their friends were languishing in Northern prisons from the treachery of one of their own countrymen. Some of the old members had become careless, and returned to their feather-beds. Those that returned, and new ones, were all captured. While at Mrs. Betsy Edmonds', Clem Edmonds, George Triplett, and Sam Alexander, heard them from their *ranch* in the mountains, about half a mile in rear of the house. Saddling their horses, and convincing themselves who they were, they started out and gave the alarm. Proceeding ahead to Lieutenant Wren's, who was staying at Mr. Brown's, about one mile distant, they were joined by him and a few others, and followed the enemy up to Piedmont. Reaching this place at daylight, Gibson expected to find the other column. Not hearing anything from them at sunrise, he started back to the Valley, taking the turnpike to Upperville, and thence up to Paris,

Lieutenant Wren following him, but not doing anything except keeping them closed up. Every chicken and turkey-roost in their route had been robbed by them, and each man had his turkey or old hen strapped behind his saddle, together with the clothing, &c., which they had taken from the citizens. At Mr. Chapplier's, two miles from Piedmont, on the turnpike to Upperville, J. Wright James, our Quartermaster, was captured. By this time their presence in our midst became generally known amongst our men; who displaying themselves on the hills and mountains, the enemy became alarmed, and pushed on rapidly from Mr. Chapplier's to Upperville. Not finding any of our men there except Grafton Carlisle, they pushed on rapidly up the turnpike, and reached Paris about nine o'clock A.M.

Major Richards, in the meanwhile, heard of this party, and having no clothes of his own, he put on a suit of his father's brown jeans, mounted his horse, and started after them. At Upperville he met with Lieutenant Wren, with a few men. Pushing on up the turnpike, at Paris he was joined by others, who swelled his party to *thirty-eight men.* In

Paris some skirmishing took place between the enemy's rear-guard and Richards. The enemy retreated rapidly though the Gap, and formed on the other side of the mountain, at Mount Carmel Church, two miles from Paris.

The pursuit of Richards was conducted without any order whatever. His thirty-eight men were strung out for one quarter of a mile. But on dashed the gallant Richards. At the foot of Mt. Carmel he ordered the charge. The enemy, seeing with what resolution the charge was made, and imagining five thousand guerillas were after them, broke and retreated by the road they came. It was a narrow defile through the mountains, just large enough for one wagon to pass. Through this defile or road they had to retreat seven miles, where they were to cross the Shenandoah River by a dangerous ford, before they could entertain any idea of being safe. When they broke and got into this road, Richards' men closed in on them, and the slaughter was terrible. Along this road, clean down to the river, were strewn the dead, wounded, and prisoners. It was indeed a sickening sight. The snow this entire distance was crimson with the blood of the dead and wounded.

Every man of ours they had captured (twenty-five) was re-taken, besides one hundred mules and horses they had taken from the citizens (which were returned to them by Richards). Ten or fifteen were killed, eighty odd were captured and wounded, and brought to Paris. Major Gibson was wounded, captured, brought to Paris, and paroled with nine other badly wounded men.

Amongst the prisoners was Lieutenant Baker, of General Merrit's staff. When he was asked how he happened to be absent from his general, he stated that he had been on one or two of the night "excursions" in the Valley, had found them quite exciting and pleasant, and as his friend, Major Gibson, was going on this one, he concluded he would accompany him, and render his assistance in "arresting" us. But he counted the chickens before they were hatched. Their raid as far as Upperville was a decided success. And here their hopes failed them. They knew not at what moment they would be attacked by a set of *wolves*. Surrounded by these circumstances, very few men would fight with an enemy they did not understand. The men that were able

This was rather to our wish, as we were fully equal to the task of taking any single house. Colonel Mosby, however, called the men forth and formed them in an open field near the town. This movement was mistaken for a retreat; but Mosby, after the men were marshalled into line, waved his hat and shouted for the Yankees to advance. They came from their hiding-places, but seemed unwilling to meet us. We cannot apologize for their hesitancy in accepting the challenge but upon the conjecture that our handful of men must have been mistaken for the advance guard of a large force. A spirited exchange of shots was kept up until late in the evening, when the Yankees drew off and passed through Hamilton, and admitted in their exit that they had lost fifty-two killed, wounded, and missing. Their men who were taken prisoners acknowledged a defeat, with a loss of two captains killed. Among our boys, James Keith and Binford were killed at the head of the column, Captain Manning, John Chew, and Ben Fletcher, wounded. Among those complimented by Colonel Mosby for distinguished prowess, were Corbin and John Hipkins, the Colonel himself having one

horse killed under him during the engagement. We lost, also, two of our men captured, who, no doubt, have met the sad fate of many others, under the convenient pretext of being guerillas.

That night we bivouacked near Hamilton, and at dawn of day next morning discovered that the condition of the roads and fair weather had induced the invaders to make an advance on Snickersville, Bloomfield, and Middleburg. Mosby determined to follow, and in doing so resorted to a series of strategems and devices to draw the enemy into another engagement. Their infantry, however, formed and marched in hollow squares, with the cavalry in the inclosure. This novel mode of protecting gay cavaliers did honor to the infantry, but the cavalry must have left their "*grit*" at the Ferry. We continued the pursuit below Middleburg, where the enemy were reënforced by three hundred cavalry from Fairfax, which made their force too formidable for us to cope with, and having one man wounded during the day (John Foster, of White Plains), Colonel Mosby ordered his men to be in readiness for subse-

CHAPTER XL.

GLOOM PRODUCED BY THE FALL OF RICHMOND — MOSBY CONTINUES IN THE FIELD — BAYLOR'S UNWILLING RETREAT — ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE SCHOONERS — MOSBY INVITED TO SURRENDER — SOLDIERLY CONDUCT OF FEDERAL OFFICERS.

IT may prove interesting to the searcher after truth, to speak somewhat more in detail of our operations subsequent to the fall of Richmond. Gloom and despondency seemed to hang over the spirits of the people like a pall, notwithstanding the stout heart of our brave leader indulged the last ray of hope that we might yet be free, — that some stone would be cut from the mountain that could roll and carve the road to liberty. Mosby was not a guerilla; the tongue of calumny had made him such. He fought for liberty and independence, and conducted his campaigns not after the fashion of *Don Antonio Espozy Mina*, but as a brave, humane and Christian soldier.

On the 8th of April, the command made a rendezvous at Upperville. Mosby ordered Companies D and H to operate near Fairfax, and with Companies A and B repaired to the Valley, crossing the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap, and Shenandoah River at Ab. Ferguson's. After swimming the river, a halt was ordered near Ferguson's. Mosby took John Munson, Hifflebower, and Ed. Hurst, and dashed forth on a scouting expedition during the night and following day. In fact, the men went to work as though our star of destiny was unobscured by the clouds of adversity. John Russell, with seven men, captured and scattered the picket at Berryville, consisting of eight men with horses. Three of the men were killed, and three captured, two escaping, and of the horses seven were taken.

The next day, the 9th, Lieutenant Ab. Wrenn, took the detachment up the river, and bivouacked at Bethel Church, returning the following day to Ferguson's.

Mosby having returned, brought tidings of the capture of General Ewell, Custis, Lee, and others at Amelia Court House; but there remained yet a short time in which we could

ished like a young giant, had been suffocated and crushed.

General Hancock's solicitude for the fate of our command was further developed by a proposition that an officer of equal rank with Mosby would be sent with orders to parole him, and Millwood designated as the point to consummate the business. Colonel Mosby lacked confidence, and postponed the matter. Colonel Chapman, Captain Thomas Richards, Adjutant William Mosby (brother to the Colonel), Lieutenant John Russell, and Surgeon Montero, visited, by special leave the headquarters of General Hancock, at Winchester. Each of these gentlemen will in after life recur to their kind reception and hospitable entertainment at the hands of General Hancock and his staff, with the most profound feelings of gratitude. Much anxiety and curiosity was manifested to see and converse with them, and they spent the whole Sabbath very pleasantly at the General's headquarters.

General Hancock revoked the order outlawing Colonel Mosby. A suspension of hostilities for ten days was agreed upon, and Colonel Mosby was allowed to confer with the

authorities, fully, and learn the real desire of all good and brave men as to his future treatment. The lawless banditti, and cowardly, stay-at-home, white-cravat enemy, he knew would not entertain propositions for him to return to peaceful pursuits unmolested. He desired to know fully and fairly if the Government at Washington would receive his surrender in good faith as a finality, first to learn explicitly their terms, and then prepare to comply, and perform his part without reservation. There was an ominous Board of Military Justice, located in Washington, whose inquisitions were a novelty in modern civilization, and here was the rock on which many a poor unarmed Confederate, it was feared, would split. Their crimes were the more revolting because of their hypocritical pretence about *justice* and the public weal in their trials and semi-barbarous murders, their ex parte, manufactured, second-hand, newspaper evidence, their higher-law convictions, and their sanctimonious abuses of their victims, made it much more desirable with brave and honest men, to die with arms in their hands on the field of battle, than to be murdered by such a tribunal.

dent country has vanished, and that country is now the spoil of a conqueror. I disband your organization in preference to surrendering to our enemies. I am no longer your commander. After an association of more than two eventful years, I part from you with a just pride in the fame of your achievements, and a grateful recollection of your generous kindness to myself; and now, at this moment of bidding you a final adieu, accept the assurance of my unchanging confidence and regard. Farewell.

J. S. MOSBY."

The common sense and eloquent simplicity of this address, with the information it conveyed, was received by the men as the fond mother receives the announcement that her offspring has departed; its words were watched as we would watch and gaze upon the form of some dear one whose life was giving out its last ebbing pulsations; and then as each man grasped the honest hand of his brave leader, and pronounced the fatal word *farewell*, all eyes were moistened with tears of affection and sorrow. No one knew what was to be the fate of him who had just addressed us.

During the two succeeding days, Colonel Chapman and the greater portion of the officers and men visited Winchester, and were

naturalized upon their native soil, and then returned to their respective homes.

Major Richards and Adjutant Mosby visited Amherst County on a mission of reconciliation and reconstruction. They there learned that General Joe Johnson had surrendered his command, and that the tide of war was rapidly flowing into peaceful channels.—Divested of all misgiving as to the final issue, they returned to Fauquier, and accepted the parole.

In the meantime, Colonel Mosby put himself in full communication with the Government at Washington, and undertook to comply with President Johnson's proclamation, if the Government would give him a quietus, and full receipt for all dues and demands, political, civil, military, and financial. The momentous question was decided in the affirmative, and the Government, after mature deliberation, accepted in a spirit of amity his proposition; and accordingly he returned to his allegiance by subscribing the prescribed oath. There were many men professing humanity and Christianity, and even styling themselves patriots par excellence, who thirsted for the blood of this noble man. Among such

command retired with great eclat, in their usual good order.

When our hero reached his father's, he learned that General Gregg and Colonel Duncan, of the United States Army, had honored the family with a visit. They spoke of having a fighting acquaintance with Colonel Mosby, complimented him in very flattering terms, and expressed a warm desire to form his acquaintance. General Gregg, like a true patriot, soldier, and gentleman, offered old Mr. Mosby any protection he desired. On reaching home, Colonel Mosby expressed his gratitude at this manifestation of fraternal kindness, but he was forced by necessity, to forego the pleasure of returning the visit. At night he remained with a relative, William Hamilton Mosby, and during the day, spent most of his time at his father's.

During one of his first visits in this neighborhood after the surrender, the garrison at Lynchburg were advised, doubtless by some "*intelligent contraband*," that the brave cavalier was stopping with his father. Immediately an expedition of twenty-five men, led by a lieutenant, departed under the sable protection of night to win unfading laurels by his

capture, albeit the moving cause was the ten thousand dollars, and visions of greenbacks danced through their heads. They reached a point within one mile of the house of Colonel Mosby's father, when a courier from General Gregg's headquarters overtook the party, with orders for their immediate return. They turned back, not however, without indulging in some trite phrases about "copperhead," traitor, rebel sympathizer, &c., &c. The demon of avarice continued to rage in the hearts of wicked men, and prowling bands were covertly scouring the country to such an extent, that General Gregg deemed it necessary to place a guard at the bridge across James River, with orders to allow no egress or ingress, unless the party held a pass, or his business was known.

Many incidents such as these go to make up the epilogue to the grand tragedy which had just been played. The acts of bad men sometimes served as a foil to set off the noble deeds of other men. Whilst Colonel Mosby now enjoys the seclusion of his home in Warrenton, Fauquier County, his grateful recollections of the kind services rendered him by the true soldiers of the Yankee army,

ruling motives, all united to resist oppression from the dominant faction in the North. The primary issue of the war upon the part of our enemies was, "*the Union*," *an unbroken Union;* and relying upon these professions, we were willing upon our surrender to recognize the hand of fate, frankly and honestly to acknowledge our mistake, that we had NOT been out of the Union during the four years of war, but that the Government of the United States is one, and must be as it was, minus the institution of slavery. It is a well settled fact, both in theory as well as practice, that the primary object of all just Governments under the ægis of civilization, is to impart the greatest amount of domestic tranquillity and happiness to the greatest number of people: we vainly indulged in the flattering belief that it was to be,

"A union of hearts, a union of hands,
A union that no one can sever;
A union of lakes, a union of lands,
The American Union forever."

The axiom "that all just and free governments are founded in the consent of the governed," was finally ignored, when the last gun

was fired, and with feelings of hope and confidence, we trusted in the magnanimity of a conquering foe. Speeches, proclamations, military orders, inaugural addresses, newspaper editorials, and private discussions with our prisoners during the struggle, had led us and the world to believe that the war was waged by the so-called Republican partisans, in good faith and honesty, to restore the Union and the dear old flag. In this we have been disappointed, as well as in our dreams of independence.

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